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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Works of Kit Marlowe. 3 vols. crown 8vo. London, 1826, W. Pickering; Oxford, Talboys and Wheeler; Leicester, Cambe and Son.

We have always felt inclined to rank the Elizabethan dramatists among the grandest ornaments of British literature. Our admiration of their splendid genius extends to enthusiasm; and although we have often thrown out an exclamation at the bare mention of their names, we are resolved on once more recurring to the subject with a different view—the comparison of their principal features with those of our modern dramatists. The general character of the English at that renowned period was remarkable for nothing more than an honest bluntness, a frank inflexibility of purpose, which threw an air of dignified independence over men of graver cast, and might be excellently contrasted with the gay whimsicalities of the court-bred Euphuists and Cavaliers. Yet even in these fantastic gentlemen you should perceive a certain openness and candour which might plead for many a defect, merely in consequence of their having no notion of concealing it. No one pretended to be other-wise than he really was; and whatever personification was to be assumed—a knight, a poet, a valet, or what not—it was studied, and studied earnestly, though the discipline might extend no farther than the adjusting of a rōsette or an acrostic.

Amongst other public amusements, the drama was of course in high request, and the above national characteristics had a very marked effect upon the writings of those who, from the living book before them, transcribed their *dramatis personæ* for the stage. It might form a curious research, how far the language of a poet may be called an emblem of the ideas that have suggested it; that is, how far the tone of mind and the tone of words must necessarily agree. It would be too much to say that a bold writer is certainly a bold man; but we suspect he is always an admirer of what is bold and manly in others, though his own courage may fail him, from physical causes. But thus much is beyond a doubt—that the language of the age in question bore an aspect strongly analogous to the characters of the people, and most widely different from the features it has since assumed. The very outline of their poems was a plain, unvarnished tale, pursuing its obvious course from a simple beginning to a self-apparent end. There was no attempt to reconcile incongruities by a variety of minute artifices: if any such occurred, you were left to argue them with yourself at leisure; or else the *protégés* either assured you it was correct, or (like Time in the *Winter's Tale*) admonished you to “impute it not a crime,” if otherwise. There was no under-plot to support the main structure in its lapses, or string together its vagaries; when any such accessory was introduced, they made it totally unlike and unconnected with its partner; and not unfrequently the

boxes and gallery were by turns regaled with the successive pathos and buffoonery of alternate scenes. In spite of the obvious defects inherent in such a plan, one important advantage was the result; mankind were drawn as they really were, without taxing our credulity as to what they possibly might be under very extraordinary circumstances; because such circumstances, if they occurred, were displayed at once,—you were desired to sanction openly, or forgive them, and no paltry contrivances were resorted to in the vain hope of cancelling or concealing them. Do but grant, if necessary, one absurdity at the commencement, and you shall find its consequences ensue as natural and unrestrained as the most orthodox stickler for probability could desire.

But refinement, alas! that politer of evil spirits, has worked a sad decay in our drama. We have lost the vigour and hardihood of ancient simplicity, and are now polished into the most smooth and faultless insipidity. Every one knows that vice and virtue run close together through the world; but we, forsooth, must couple those qualities and actions which are most diametrically opposed. If a high-born lady has committed incest with her own son, she is still, in all but that one offence, the most chaste, virtuous, religious dame on earth;—if a gentleman has murdered his friend, he has still far higher notions of honour than his neighbours, and, though remarkably wary and cautious, must persist in preserving a narrative of the murder in his portmanteau! The consequence is, that every shadow of critical palliation must be called in support of the solecism; the chaste lady's son must be not only prodigiously handsome, but exactly like his father;—the man of honour run against his friend in the dark not five minutes after the acceptance of an insult;—and as for the portmanteau, it must neither be of leather nor even oak, but of solid massive iron, with such a lock as would have puzzled either Bramah or Jack Shepherd. Surely these capricious inventions are a wilful provocation to disbelief; and the attempts at alleviation are no more worthy of our thanks than the good-natured friend who only reminds us of our incurable maladies by eternally proposing a new remedy.

And here again is involved that momentous question, so bandied by the critics, and so evident to any sensible observer, the “moral of the play;” for what else, in fact, is poetical morality than poetical justice? which is maintained not merely by uniting every constant couple in the last scene, or killing off the hero, heroine, and the two or three next in importance, but by so exhibiting and so rewarding the motives and conduct of every character, that the mind may eventually rest assured they are so disposed of by the poet as the ways of nature and providence would, according to human calculations, have disposed of them in an actual state of existence. An insult is offered to our intellects as often as we are called upon to admire the libertine or compassionate the assassin; and we will stake

our judicial reputation on the fact, that no dramatic design was ever critically excellent in the delineation and conduct of its actors where the final disposal of them was repugnant to our best principles of morality. Our ancient playwrights understood the maxim; as they drew their characters broadly and decisively, so they sentenced them without appeal or compromise; while, now-a-days, to recompense one leading quality in the hero, a score of opposite ones, no less imperative, and which have carried weight enough with them through the play, are left “unwhipt of justice” to the end.

The revolution in dramatic language is no less decisive, and attended by still fewer advantages, than is the arrangement of the plot. If it be urged that our language itself is naturally altered in the lapse of two hundred years, we shall still look for the primary cause in the change of our intellectual character. And we shall first mention the deterioration sustained by a modern affectation of polish. Shakespeare and his contemporaries inherited a rugged and uncouth style, which, however, by consummate skill and labour, they effectually reduced to a smoothness sufficient for all the purposes of the stage. They even dissolved many an established syllable into two; as, *fire* (*fi-er*); *persuasion* (*persuasi-on*); and, for the improvement of sound, removed the accent in others; as in *Hyperion*, *medicinal*, &c. Yet they did not forget how many of the finest scenes in tragedy must necessarily depict the stronger passions at work,—revenge, and indignation, and anger bursting for utterance; where the harshness of unpolished words must greatly tend to aid the general effect. Accordingly, they multiplied compound epithets even to excess, and, by contractions and elisions, contrived perfectly to preserve the original strength of their language when desirable: nor is it correct to imagine that, even in passages of most melting tenderness, an uninterrupted flow of words is grateful to the ear beyond a certain period. Nay, when the poet has seized on our imagination, and is dragging us down a mighty torrent of despair, or tribulation, or affectionate reproach, the impetuosity of our career is rather heightened than retarded by an occasional abruptness in the metre; and in hurrying through a speech or scene of this description, we may compare ourselves to those sledges which, in northern climates, are propelled over the ice by a single stroke, till, gathering strength and velocity by their own impulse, they are soon able to pass over a mass of ice or the trunk of a tree, without injury or interruption. No one ever understood this principle of harmony better than that consummate architect of verse, John Milton. But we have now lost the art entirely:—for spirited grandeur we have substituted turgid verbosity; and for nervous conciseness we are content to dis sever one big sentence into many short ones, “to take it and cut it out in little stars,” rendering it thereby very pretty to look at, but mightily uncomfortable to read.

Our next complaint is against the prolixity

of modern dramatists, in which defect we include the paucity and poverty of ideas so often lamented in modern poetry of every kind. All our passions may be said to speak figuratively, not merely in a succession of allegories spun out to a measured length and cadence, but in bold and expressive figures crowding upon one another as fast as the very words escape. In this habit likewise our early dramatists have overstepped the boundary; yet when Goldsmith reproved the metaphorical confusions of Shakespeare, he made no allowance for the liberties of speech permitted to a heated imagination. Of all the poets in our own day, many and brilliant though they be, we have known but one whose ardour, fertility of invention, and richness of language, enabled him to cope with the stage-writers of old in this respect. And even he, on attempting the same department of poetry, failed decisively, and on this very point: the unbending spirit of Childe Harold waxed faint in Sardanapalus. But the cause of this failure remains for explanation under another head, with which we shall conclude our present remarks.

From the word drama we are to infer the duties of neither performer nor scene-shifter; the action is to proceed from the poet, and to be by him expressed in poetry. We are anxious to be distinct and impressive; for on a misconception of this dramatic office we suspect the chief blame may be cast of many an unpalatable tragedy of later workmanship. The old dramatists, in composing a scene, set before themselves a certain object to be brought about by the ensuing dialogue. This object was to be effected not only by speech, but by action. The persons conversing were to betray by certain tones or gestures an indication of what passed within them. Sometimes a still more expressive posture or movement was to be introduced: a blow was to be struck, a sword to be drawn, tears were to be shed, and forgiveness asked upon the bended knee. Now all this the poet had to express in his dialogue, and without such expression there is no action in his words. By it the business of the performance becomes necessarily a component part of the play, and we may enjoy either a representation at the theatre or a perusal in the closet, without even the assistance of stage directions. But the fire and activity of our forefathers was doomed to evaporate in the sentimentality of their sons, and the mawkishness of the German school gave the finishing stroke to this species of dramatic debasement. Since that event, we have perhaps regained our lost ground a little; but the English stage is still a wretched nursery of sentimental whining. The once free and spirited dialogue is now supplanted by an incessant yea, yea, and nay, reminding us rather of the responses of youths and virgins in a Grecian chorus, than of impetuous passion elicited by the contact of fiery-mettled chiefs and princes: and as for action, we shall find it only in the prompter's book, where the moon-stricken lover is directed to "cross over to right hand," and his scornful charmer to make her courtsey at the "left wing." In fact, so difficult a task is tragedy, where glowing descriptions, classical allusions, and maxims of the deepest prudence, are lost and disregarded; where passion, direct and undisguised, is to mount into boldness and energy, or sink into tenderness and laments,—so dissimilar is it to every other department of poetry, that Byron himself, a disciple of another school, essayed and fell. The dramatist must confine himself to that pursuit alone, or, at all events, must begin with no other; for by

no other will he be duly trained and educated to his profession.

After this comparison between the ancient and modern tragedians of England, we cannot but grant our cordial applause at the republication of the former, and wish ample success to all parties concerned in the speculation. The commencement augurs favourably, at all events. Kit Marlowe is beyond comparison the finest of this neglected class; as specimens of awful and almost sublime despair, some passages in Faustus are scarcely paralleled by any thing we recollect throughout the whole range of English poetry; while, in other parts, his expressions of delight and admiration are as natural as they are picturesque and vivid. We understand that Marston, Middleton, and George Peele, are to follow next in succession.

The work is beautifully printed; indeed no one ever understood and practised the style of getting up books which may be characterised as at once neat and elegant, better than Mr. Pickering—of which these three volumes are a handsome and captivating example.

The Secret Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon with the Princess des Ursins; from the original Manuscripts in the possession of the Duke de Choiseul. Translated from the French. 8vo. 3 vols. London, 1827. G. B. Whittaker.

Who Madame de Maintenon was, is too universally known to be repeated: the Princess Ursini, or Ursins, was a French widow who attended the Princess of Savoy to Madrid to her husband Philip V., King of Spain, at whose court she resided as a spy of M. Maintenon's, and an intriguer to manage his majesty and queen: hence this Correspondence, from May 1706 to December 1714, now given to the public.

One of the leading defects in these volumes arises out of a circumstance inherent in them, and the evil could only have been remedied by Notes founded on extensive historical research. Such notes there are not, and consequently there are a multitude of matters alluded to by the letter-writers which were perfectly familiar to them, but which are utterly inexplicable to the general reader. In other respects we are sorry to say we cannot, honestly, speak so favourably of this work as we have wished. Even of the original papers we do not think very highly; and of the translation we are compelled to state that it is a very poor one. When we pronounce this opinion upon the MSS., however, we desire to be understood not as asserting that they do not offer some curious points for entertainment and reflection, but simply that they do not supply any new historical information, even though the Letters relate almost entirely to political subjects. The only important and distinct inference we can deduce from them is, that if any doubt has ever existed of the almost irreparable injury which this country sustained by the change of ministry at the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne, and the recall of the Duke of Marlborough, these letters prove to a demonstration that such doubt was unfounded. It clearly appears, from them, that France was reduced to such extremities, that she would have consented almost to any terms which the allies chose to dictate; that she would have given up all her conquests in Flanders; and, it is quite obvious, that Louis was prepared to consent to the dethronement of his grandson the King of Spain.*

* So much was lost by the united misconduct of a maudlin queen, beset by an insolent virago, and an in-

With respect to the translation, we have already stated that it is the reverse of good. The translator seems to be unacquainted with many idioms of the French language, and to have fancied that he perfectly performed his task, if he merely changed French words into English words. In some places the sense is quite unintelligible in consequence of this want of tact and carelessness;* though it is not unlikely, from the aspect of some of the blunders, that careless correction of the printing has been superadded to careless performance in the rendering of the text. The date, for instance, assigned to M. de Maintenon's birth ("Niort, in 1685," Pref. p. vii.), is wrong by fifty years; and should the reader happen to be misled by it, he will be much puzzled, as he proceeds, to find the lady complaining of the infirmities of old age before she was twenty-one (p. 23), and entering into the bands of matrimony fifteen years after her decease (p. xi.)! In the preceding page (vi.) the Memoirs of Madame de Hausset, the attendant of Madame de Pompadour, are said to form with the present volumes almost a complete account of the reign of *le grand Monarque*: whereas, Pompadour was the mistress of the grand Monarque's successor, the fifteenth Louis, and the Memoirs of "her attendant" relate to his reign.

Not to dismiss the publication without some examples of its qualities, we will select a few extracts. Here is a singular one to begin with: the princess writes—

"The regiment of Louvigny has suffered itself to be surprised in its quarters, and six hundred and fifty men, of which it was composed, have been cut to pieces: it is said that proper precautions had not been adopted; nearly two hundred of them have since returned."

The return of two hundred men who had been cut to pieces, must have been a sight to which the restoration of Harlequin to identity, after a similar carving operation, cannot be compared.

At Versailles, two ladies were the objects of some jokes, in consequence of one having a nose a little too long, and the other a nose a little too short. "I wonder," said M. de la Mailleiray, "what kind of a face one could put on at court to avoid censure!"

The following is true Gallic philosophy:—"Every thing (says the Princess Ursini) must have its season except melancholy, which ought never to be indulged, as it is the bane of all agreeable occupations."

The portions of the correspondence which have entertained us most, are those which relate to the expectations and concerning the birth of the Prince of Asturias, the heir to the Spanish throne. The fuss which the good lady Des

triguing husky of a chamber-maid—see the Lives of Anne, the Duchess of Marlborough, and Mrs. Masham! Petticoated kings, spite of Elizabeth, are not the best of sovereigns in time of need, though perfectly efficient for the plying times of peace, and, it might be, the transmission of the crown: though it is curious to remark, so much does supreme royalty change the nature of bees and women, that our Queens Anne, Elizabeth, and Mary, left no natural succession.

* Witness an anecdote, Vol. iii. p. 54-55.—"The queen had one of these *senoras de honor*, the daughter of a Portuguese lord, who went to Madrid when this country revolted against the King of Spain. His fidelity induced Philip IV. to give him and his daughter a favourable reception. She went to the court of the late emperor at Vienna, returned with the queen, mother of Charles II., who having married the king's sister to the emperor, his brother, who became a widow; this lady, who had accompanied her, returned a second time into Spain, to be near the person of the queen-mother. She was there till her death, and was afterwards with the queen-dowager, who is at Bayonne, and the present reigning queen, of which we can make neither head nor tale.—Edw.

Urrins makes upon this occasion, is ludicrous beyond conception. The first ideas or suspicions of the fact; the guesses as to probability of sex; the weighty affair of bed-trimmings in which it would be proper for such a personage to be born; the etiquette of baby-linen; the choice of accoucheur; and, above all, the extraordinary difficulty of finding, throughout the whole kingdom of Spain, a nurse competent to the due suckling of his anticipated most serene royal highness, are developed in a multitude of epistles with a gravity of the most amusing description; and the entire story might serve as a lesson to humbler folks, especially mothers, to be content with their lot, since of earthly troubles and perplexities there surely can be nothing like that of having a little potentate.

Without going into the business, we shall quote a few passages for the entertainment of our readers.

The princess writes from Madrid, of January 23d, 1707:—

"There is nothing new to communicate to you respecting the queen, except it be that her stays incommode her a little, which I begin to loosen; and that her majesty, who in general does not like high-seasoned dishes nor salt food, eats heartily of oysters, which she disliked formerly: whether these are favourable prognostics or not, we shall know the result very soon."

In a week (January 30) the hope gathers strength, and "the king spoke of it yesterday to his ministers in his apartment, and so did I in my *quarto chico*, to all the courtiers who frequent it, which caused inexpressible transports of joy. The people run about the streets like madmen, singing and talking all the nonsense that comes into their heads."

By February 4th, even the physicians begin to look knowing about the matter, and the princess, taking time by the forelock, says:—

"It therefore now becomes necessary to exercise our foresight and precaution for her majesty, and for the child which it shall please God to send us; and it is no trifling charge for me, to whom this duty is solely confided, their majesties relying upon my zeal and fidelity. You will doubtless be surprised, that, reasoning with me as they do, upon the choice that is to be made of a governess, we cannot prevail on ourselves to come to a determination. The chief quality of such a person is, in my opinion, fidelity. In general, I am inclined to think that all the widows of grandees who may aspire to this charge, are incapable of a bad action: but it is, as it were, impossible to answer for their intentions, the greatest part of them keeping very much aloof, and being related to grandees whom we have reason to believe attached to the house of Austria. We are not less embarrassed about a nurse. The health of males and females, amongst the nobility as well as the plebeians, being very bad, almost all the children are born with hereditary complaints, and the most modest ladies who pay their court to the queen are visibly affected with these maladies, calling them by their name with the same indifference as if it were only a trifling headache. The Biscayans appear to me the most healthy of his majesty's subjects, being less addicted to vice than in the more southern provinces, the cold air of the mountains which they inhabit rendering them fair, fresh, and robust; they are *los Christianos viejos*, or old Christians, whom the Moors did not infect, all pretending to be nobles, and born with natural talents. I have been three or four times in my

life in this part of Spain, and I have seen a number of fine, tall, well-formed women there, dancing with tambourines. Their milk must give a nourishment which will inspire gaiety in the Prince of Asturias. We must have nothing melancholy in his temperament, at least we must exert our utmost to prevent him from being of an ill-natured disposition. I have had a long conversation to-day with all the faculty, and they are agreed that nurses should be sent for from the country I have just mentioned, or old Castile, bordering upon it: and we are writing to the corregidores, and other persons of my acquaintance, in order that from the present time they may carefully seek for pregnant women of good character; and this is, I imagine, all that is necessary to be done for the present."

"The queen has only one old winter bed, with white and gold hangings, which is very much worn, and a summer one, with plain taffety curtains, which I do not think a country lady, with a yearly income of ten thousand livres, would have in her room. It is not indeed decent to have such a bed for the birth of a prince, who is destined to make so great a figure in the world as he whom God will give us, for the Spaniards would be ashamed of it."

In a fortnight it was confirmed that her majesty was in a condition which entitled her to go in procession to the church of Atocha, which she did in due Spanish form.

"An immense number of people sung the praises of the king and queen: some wept for joy, and implored Heaven that their majesties might have fifty children, who might outlive the world; others laughed and made ridiculous grimaces; there were some so transported on seeing the queen, that they carried their folly to the excess of saying they loved her more than God. All the grandees walked round her majesty; some of them being scarcely able to crawl along, she had the condescension to desire them not to remain with her, but they persisted in accompanying her into the chapel of the Virgin, where *Te Deum* was chanted. The king waited upon her, and gallantly opened the door of her sedan."

By the middle of April we return again to the grand quest for a nurse. The princess presses the matter in a way which affords a curious picture of the manners of the times, and of the actual state of Spain:—

"As it is (she repeats to Mad. Maintenon) extremely difficult to find good nurses in Spain, too much pains cannot be taken in seeking for them. I told you I had written to that effect to persons of authority in old Castile, upon the frontiers of Navarre, and in the provinces of Biscay, Alava, and Guipuscoa; but up to the present time, we have not succeeded in our wishes, and therefore a counsellor is going off to-morrow, chosen by the president of Castile, who well knows all those districts, and the queen's surgeon accompanies him, in order that they may view together, in all the most retired places, the pregnant women, or those who have been lately confined; they are then to bring us of two different sorts, &c. &c."

"The change of climate which these nurses will experience will almost inevitably affect their constitutions, and they must be fatigued by the length of the journey, besides the grief of quitting their husbands and families, and coming to a court, which cannot fail to startle them, from the difference which these sort of people enjoy in their cottages, to being with new faces and restrained habits. All these circumstances will make it necessary to bring up at least a dozen, and I own that I shall not

regret the expense which this will occasion: it being an object of the greatest importance, that the precious infant which God is about to give us should have good milk."

By the end of May they had not yet succeeded in regimenting a company of such females in the palace at Madrid; for it is stated on the 23d,—"Nurses will soon arrive here: all the women of Biscay that were represented admirable, and as having healthy appearance, have got the itch, and there are only one or two throughout all these provinces that are coming. We shall have some from old Castile and the frontiers of Navarre; but what will astonish you most is, that, notwithstanding our activity, I doubt whether more than a dozen can be collected together, some of whom have been lately confined, and others on the point of being so; they will be fine company for me, and a pretty occupation to torment myself when they are confined, to humour them, to prevent them from scratching one another's eyes out; to see that they have not the itch, to which they are very subject; to ascertain if they eat moderately; to find out their tempers; and after all this, to add to it the choice which the physicians shall make of her whom they may think best qualified to nurse the prince: do not you think, madam, that I shall be highly amused?"

On August 21st, she writes—"Out of fifteen nurses which I sent for, notwithstanding my being opposed, because of their number and expense, we have now only two upon whom M. Clement depends; the fever having attacked a third, who was one of the best, and the others possess what is not necessary to constitute good nurses, which is very lamentable. I hope, however, that the two which I have just mentioned will keep upon their legs, and that those who are not confined will serve as a reserve. In short, madam, Clement confesses that he should never have contemplated so many obstacles in this country in finding what is requisite. Let us beat the Duke of Savoy, all will go on well again." [What beating the Duke of Savoy could have to do with keeping the nurses on their legs, we are not critics enough to discover. We fear that this publication ought to have been reviewed by a married lady, with some experience in the family way.]

But "at length," in the true spirit of a fairy tale, the happy princess writes to her friend:—"At length, madam, all my prophecies are fulfilled, we have the most beautiful prince upon earth, and the queen is doing well." And so we end our history of this remarkable event.

"When parents come there are no comets seen! The heavens themselves blaze forth the birth of princes."

With regard to our censures on the imperfections of this book, we are compelled, in justice to ourselves, to shew that they are called for, though, in mercy, we make the proof short. Thus says the princess:—

"But, madam, can we really promise ourselves that the war will be continued, and may there not be some mystery under this apparent resolution of continuing it? In fact, abandoned as the King of Spain is, ought to make us fear it, since without that they will expose him to the danger which he is about to encounter, after Marshal de Besons shall have withdrawn all the king's troops."

A Count de Berghes writes in the same strange unintelligible style. "I received, madam, the letter which you did me the honour of writing to me the 16th inst. in which you do me that of asking, whether I have done myself the honour of writing to your excellency respecting

* The prince was born about eight months' after, between August 21st and September 4th 1711

your departure from Spain, and you request me to speak explicitly, and that I shall give the king to understand that this is absolutely necessary. On which account I shall have the honour of observing with a perfect frankness, which you have been fully enabled to comprehend, as also his majesty, from what I had the honour of writing to him the 16th instant, and to your excellency from Senlis, having communicated to your majesty the information I had upon that subject, in the evening of the 15th instant, by way of Namur."

We will only add another ridiculous example of this sort of floundering, which, we regret to say, disfigures the whole work.

"I confess (writes the same count to the princess, in November 1711) I begin to be at a loss why the king will no longer have Marshal de Villeroi near him, or why the marshal does not do the needful to recover the honour of his majesty's gracious notice."

With this we take our leave of the "Secret Correspondence," which, for all it discovers, might, without injury to the world, have remained secret for ever.

Keppel's Journey from India. [Second Notice.]

THIS interesting volume can need no further recommendation than the extracts from its own pages contained in our last *Gazette*; and we have only, therefore, to finish our agreeable task of analysis and illustration, which we shall do in the order of dates—an order transgressed so entirely in the preliminary part of this review. This course throws us back to the early voyage, when the vessel was run ashore on the Arabian coast before it reached Bussorah. Here the author relates a characteristic anecdote of an Arab Sheikh by whom they were hospitably entertained.

"We were," he says, "much amused with the Sheikh's son, a child three years old, whose spirited answers were strong indications of the manner in which his father was bringing him up. I asked him, among other questions, if he was an Arab or a Persian. Indignant that there should be a doubt upon the subject, his little hand grasped the dagger in his girdle, as he replied in an angry tone, 'God be praised, I am an Arab!' an example how early a mutual hatred is instilled into the youth of these rival nations."

The description of a horse-race at Bussorah also merits quotation.

On March 1st, Captain K. states, "we went this afternoon into the Desert to a horse-race, an amusement of which the natives of Bussorah are as fond as our own countrymen; though I fear, if an English jockey had been here, he would have thought the profession disgraced by the exhibition. For our own parts, we were more amused than if the business had been conducted according to the strictest rules of the turf. The spot selected was the Great Desert, which commences immediately outside the town; a circular furrow of two miles marked the course, and the stakes consisted of a small subscription raised from amongst our European party. The five candidates who started for the prize were well suited to the general character of the scene. Instead of being decked in all the colours of the rainbow, a coarse loose shirt comprised all the clothing of the Arab jockey; and the powerful bit of the country was the only article of equipment of the horse he bestrode. Thus simply accoutred, at a signal given, these half-naked savages set off at full speed, each giving a shout to animate his horse. They arrived like a team at the goal: the

prize was adjudged to an Ethiopian slave. The scene was highly animated and interesting, though we had neither splendid equipages, nor fair ladies to grace our sports."

The middys of the Alligator got up a race of their own, *à la Jack*, and furnished as much sport to the natives as they usually do at home when they man horses.

From Bussorah our party proceeded up the Tigris, to Bagdad, in a large boat, with an Arab guard, &c.; and the worthy Captain propounds the following advice on the voyage.

"Though amply provided with spirits, and all professing due allegiance to the bottle, we tried to content ourselves with water, an experiment which we found to answer so well, that, while actually on the road, we entirely abstained from drinking any thing else. To this circumstance we alone attribute our health during our long and fatiguing journey, and we earnestly recommend the substitution of the pure element for fermented liquors to the serious consideration of all, but more particularly to Oriental travellers. It is, however, to be understood, that whenever the traveller halts for a few days, he will, as we always did, make up for the abstinence during the march."

This is not a lame and impotent conclusion; though doctors may differ on the expediency of drinking at every halt, to make up for the deficiencies of each preceding fast. But on we go for Bagdad, with a few extracts by the way.

"Three of our party went out shooting in the Desert, and had excellent sport. Hares, black partridges, and snipes, were in the greatest abundance. For my own share of the game, I claim a brace of partridges, not a little proud that nearly the first birds which ever fell by my gun should have been killed in the garden of Eden. Another of our party killed a hare, but the boatmen objected to our having it dressed on board, as it had not undergone the ceremony of being made *hulaul* (lawful). This is performed by repeating a prayer, and by cutting the throat of the animal, with the neck placed towards the tomb of Mahomet. Yet, according to the Jewish law, from which nearly all Mahometan prohibitions respecting food are taken, the hare is an unclean animal, 'because he cheweth the cud, and divideth not the hoof.'"

"At four o'clock we stopped at a patch of brushwood jungle, where nearly all the boatmen and guard went to cut wood for fuel. In the midst of this employment, one of the party disturbed a lion that was sleeping under a bush. He was greatly frightened, and speedily communicated his terror to his comrades, who hastened on board. The lion stole away, and the trackers who had to walk through the same jungle, continued their work without making any objection. Game of every description is abundant throughout, which reminds us that we are in the ancient kingdom of Nimrod, that 'mighty hunter before the Lord.' The spot we were now passing was quite living with the immense quantities of animals of all descriptions. At every step, our trackers put up pelicans, swans, geese, ducks, and snipes; numbers of hogs were seen galloping about in every direction; a lioness strolled towards our boat, and stood staring at us for two or three seconds; when within thirty yards, Mr. Hamilton and myself both fired at her, but as we were loaded with small shot, we did her no injury; the noise of our guns made her turn quietly round, and she went away as leisurely as she came. We saw, this afternoon, a numerous flock of small birds, which presented the

appearance of a large whirlwind, and literally darkened the air in their flight. Both Mr. Lamb and Mr. Hart had seen the same in India, and told me that they were birds of the ortolan species."

Jubal Afeez "is said to be coeval with the ruins at Filifileh and Sooroot. While we were examining these ruins, we put up great numbers of hares and partridges. We met also some men with greyhounds; these dogs are very beautiful animals, and are somewhat smaller than the English breed; the ears hang down, the tail is feathered, and both are covered with hair as fine as silk. The Arabs are very fond of this species; but the dog being an unclean animal according to the Mahometan law, the Faithful are not allowed to touch it, except on the crown of the head, that being the only part of the animal which he is unable to pollute with his tongue. The owner of these dogs was rather an anomalous being for an inhabitant of the Desert—a young Arab dandy; his turban and robes were adjusted with the greatest neatness, his eyelids were stained with antimony, two or three rings graced each finger, and he conversed with an air of the most amusing puppyism."

While the rest went up the river, Mr. Hamilton made a cut across the Desert, of which he gives a very brief but lively account.

"On the 18th Mr. Hamilton passed through several encampments of Arabs, from whom he experienced all those rites of hospitality for which those tribes are celebrated. He describes the plain as being in some parts quite alive with numerous encampments and their attendant herds of camels, oxen, and horses. At nine in the evening he came to the bed of a very broad canal, the banks of which are thirty feet high. He saw vast quantities of birds, called bitterns, of which the Scriptures tell us that *Babylonia was to become the possession*. He met an Arab Bey, attended by four men well armed and mounted; these carried hawks on their wrists, and were followed by several greyhounds. Mr. Hamilton drank coffee with his new acquaintance out of cups with gold saucers. The Bey was very civil, and promised to show him some good hawking on a future occasion. He slept the first part of the night in the tent of an Arab, the father of two beautiful girls. A sheep was brought to the tent door, and milked by one of his fair hostesses; a carpet was spread for him in the upper part of the tent, a fire was lighted, and he was regaled with pipes, coffee, milk, butter, and a sheep roasted whole. He bivouacked from one till three o'clock in the morning, to rest his cattle. On resuming the march, the cold was so intense, that his party were obliged to alight from their horses and make a fire with some brushwood they found in the jungle. The heat during the day had been nearly insupportable, and the opposite extreme at this time brings to mind Jacob's spirited remonstrance with his father-in-law, Laban, when 'in a similar situation.' 'In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night.' They were all huddled round the fire, when a soldier gave the alarm of robbers. They were up in arms in a moment; but the enemy, on seeing their numbers, made off. On the 19th he saw the ruins of a circular building, which, from its description, must have resembled that we saw on the banks of the Tigris. It was forty feet in diameter, and built of red bricks fourteen inches square. Every flock of sheep that he saw in the night was attended by three or four armed men. At midnight he reached another encampment, and met with

treatment similar to that of the night before. The Arab, in whose tent he was breakfasting, was told by a boy that a party had carried off some of his sheep: he seized his sword and spear, snatched a musket from one of the soldiers, mounted his horse, bare-backed, and in one moment was scouring across the Desert. They resumed their march on the morning of the 20th, and reached Bagdad in the afternoon.

Here the friendly travellers re-assembled, and among other sights visited a monastery of wandering Dervishes, called *Calendars*,—a sect mentioned in the Arabian Tales. The description of them is curious.

"At a quarter of a mile from the bridge is the monastery, presenting the appearance of substantial neatness. On the walls are numerous inscriptions in the Arabic and Cufic characters, and one of considerable length over the gateway. In the court-yard are a number of fruit-trees, principally the orange and the vine. On dismounting from our horses, we were conducted to the Sheikh Calendar (the Superior of the monastery). He was seated on a tiger's skin, in a room describing three sides of a square of twenty-eight feet, and about forty high. We saw fixed on the walls several rude iron instruments, which had been implements of war prior to the use of fire-arms, and had been presented to the monastery by various contributors. There were also some brass urns, a number of ostrich eggs, and some white stones, fixed in the walls. The Sheikh wore a low drab cloth turban, bound round with green, called the *tajee der-eishann* (dervish's cap); the other Calendars had caps of a similar shape, with red tassels. From the neck of each Calendar were suspended a circular onyx-stone, with indented edges, somewhat bigger than a crown-piece (this was called the *sung-i-tulsim*, or *talismanic stone*), and one somewhat larger, called the *sung-i-canaat* (the stone of repose), emblematic of the peaceful life of the wearer. Round the waist was worn a stone of an oval form, called the *Kumberia*, which accompanies the wearer to the grave. The Sheikh was a clever talkative little man, and possessed that agreeable vivacity and store of anecdote which are occasionally found in men who have had much intercourse with the world. He had seen various countries, and spoke Persian with great fluency;—in which language we conversed. On our approaching him, he vociferated a dozen doggerel rhymes in token of his self-abasement, calling himself a Jew, an infidel, a rogue, and a drunkard. As he repeated these frequently, I caught the following lines, which may serve as a specimen of the metre:—

"Herkêh pōshūm
Bād-i-nōshūm
Māfērōshūm.

"He next began a long speech, thanking us for the honour we had conferred on a poor dervish who had quitted the world; though, from his lively conversation, there was little of the anchorite perceptible in him. We were very anxious to learn some account of his order; but he was so fond of hearing himself talk that we were obliged to let him have his own way. He dwelt much on the forbearing and pacific doctrine of the Calendar's code; and told us that for a blow given no blow would be returned, but the simple ejaculation of 'God's will be done!' We observed, however, that no Calendar was without a dagger in his girdle. He informed us the monastery was built by the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, nine hundred and twenty-five years ago: he

also showed us a picture, which he said was intended to represent the circumstance of an European king coming to pay his respects to the King of the Calendars. In the adjoining room we were shown a small niche, in which the Calendars are supposed to sit. It was covered with Arabic inscriptions—most probably quotations from the Koran. On returning to the first room, the Sheikh gave us pipes and coffee, and an excellent breakfast of milk, dates, and sweetmeats; after which we took our leave, much pleased with the eccentricity of our reception. The Arabian Nights furnish but few details respecting this order: the only place in which they are mentioned, is the story in which three sons of kings, all blind of the right eye, assume the habits of Calendars, and sup with the three sisters, where they meet Haroun Alraschid, the Vizier Giaffer, and Mesour, the chief of the Eunuchs. These Calendars were said to have shaved their beards and eye-brows; by which it would seem, that formerly such a custom formed a part of the duties of a Calendar, but I was not able to extract from our talkative host any elucidation of this custom. The Calendars, so called from Calendar, the name of their founder, are a sect of Mahometan dervishes, whose debauched morals and vagabond habits give great offence to their more orthodox brethren. They wander as mendicants over all parts of India. In India they wear a party-coloured dress, to denote, as I should suppose, their extreme poverty."

We have mentioned the excursion from Bagdad to Babylon, and return; but Mr. Rich has done so much to satisfy curiosity respecting the Babylonian ruins (see former *Gazettes*), that we are enabled, without injustice to the subject, to refer simply to Captain Keppel's volume for further particulars.

Among these mighty remains, he tells us, "Wild beasts appeared to be as numerous here as at the Mujillebè. Mr. Lamb gave up his examination, from seeing an animal crouched in one of the square apertures. I saw another in a similar situation, and the large foot-print of a lion was so fresh that the beast must have stolen away on our approach. From the summit we had a distinct view of the vast heaps which constitute all that now remains of ancient Babylon; a more complete picture of desolation could not well be imagined. The eye wandered over a barren desert, in which the ruins were nearly the only indication that it had ever been inhabited. It was impossible to behold this scene and not to be reminded how exactly the predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah have been fulfilled, even in the appearance Babylon was doomed to present: that she should 'never be inhabited'; that 'the Arabian should not pitch his tent there'; that she should 'become heaps'; that her cities should be 'a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness.'"

"The prophecy of Isaiah, that Babylon should be inhabited by wild beasts, was fulfilled after the extinction of the Seleucide; for their successors, the Parthians, turned the city into a park, and stocked it with wild beasts for the purpose of hunting. Amongst these the wild boar is enumerated. It has been supposed that many curious trees are to be found on the site of the Hanging Gardens. This is not the case: there is but one, and that is in the most elevated spot. It is a kind of cedar, possibly one of the *cedrus* of Diodorus. One half of the trunk is standing, and is about five feet in circumference. Though the body is decayed, the branches are still green and healthy, and

droop like those of the willow. With the exception of one at Bussorah, there is no tree like it throughout Irak Arabia. The Arabs call it *Athelè*. Our guides said, that this tree was left in the Hanging Gardens for the purpose of enabling Ali to tie his horse to it after the battle of Hilleh. Not far from this tree, we saw indications of a statue, which had been imperfectly seen by Beauchamp and Rich. We set our men to work, and in two hours found a colossal piece of sculpture, in black marble, representing a lion standing over a man. When Rich was here, the figure was entire; but when we saw it, the head was gone. The length of the pedestal, the height of the shoulders, and the length of the statue, measured, in each of their respective parts, nine feet. I would venture to suggest that this statue might have reference to Daniel in the lion's den, and that it formerly stood over one of the gates, either to the palace, or of the Hanging Gardens. It is natural to suppose that so extraordinary a miracle would have been celebrated by the Babylonians, particularly as Daniel was afterwards governor of their city. The prophet was also governor of Susa (the Shushan of Scripture), where he frequently went in the discharge of his official duties, and at which place he died. A short time ago, Susa was visited by some French officers in the service of the Prince of Kermanshah: amongst other antiquities, they found a block of white marble covered with Babylonian characters, having sculptured on it the figures of two men and two lions. This may also allude to the same event."

Of the singular tree and colossal lion above alluded to, two good cuts are given; and we may here notice that several prints (not of the foremost class) accompany the text.

German Romance. 4 vols.

WE find we have a longer tale to finish than we expected. Refer to last *Gazette*.

"In all such amusements the presence of my wife was welcome, nay, eagerly desired, by women as well as men. A kind insinuating manner, joined with a certain dignity of bearing, secured to her on all hands praise and estimation. Besides, she could play beautifully on the lute, accompanying it with her voice; and no social night could be perfect, unless crowned by the graces of this talent. I will be free to confess that I have never got much good of music; on the contrary, it has always rather had a disagreeable effect on me. My fair one soon noticed this, and accordingly, when by ourselves, she never tried to entertain me by such means: in return, however, she appeared to indemnify herself while in society, where indeed she always found a crowd of admirers. And now, why should I deny it, our late dialogue, in spite of my best intentions, had by no means sufficed to abolish the matter within me: on the contrary, my temper of mind had by degrees got into the strangest tune, almost without my being conscious of it. One night, in a large company, this hidden grudge broke loose, and by its consequences produced to myself the greatest damage. When I look back on it now, I in fact loved my beauty far less, after that unlucky discovery: I was also growing jealous of her; a whim that had never struck me before. This night at table, I found myself placed very much to my mind beside my two neighbours, a couple of ladies, who, for some time, had appeared to me very charming. Amid jesting and soft small talk, I was not sparing of my wine: while, on the other side, a pair of

musical dilettanti had got hold of my wife, and at last contrived to lead the company into singing separately, and by way of chorus. This put me into ill-humour. The two amateurs appeared to me impertinent; the singing vexed me; and when, as my turn came, they even requested a solo-strophe from me, I grew truly indignant, I emptied my glass, and set it down again with no soft movement. The grace of my two fair neighbours soon pacified me, indeed; but there is an evil nature in wrath, when once it is set agoing. It went on fermenting within me, though all things were of a kind to induce joy and complaisance. On the contrary, I waxed more splenetic than ever when a lute was produced, and my fair one began fingering it, and singing, to the admiration of all the rest. Unhappily, a general silence was requested. So then, I was not even to talk any more; and these tones were going through me like a toothach. Was it any wonder that, at last, the smallest spark should blow up the mine? The songstress had just ended a song amid the loudest applauses, when she looked over to me; and this truly with the most loving face in the world. Unluckily, its lovingness could not penetrate so far. She perceived that I had just gulped down a cup of wine, and was pouring out a fresh one. With her right forefinger, she beckoned to me in kind threatening. 'Consider that it is wine!' said she, not louder than for myself to hear it. 'Water is for mermaids!' cried I. 'My ladies,' said she to my neighbours, 'crown the cup with all your gracefulness, that it be not too often emptied.' 'You will not let yourself be tutored?' whispered one of them in my ear. 'What ails the dwarf?' cried I, with a more violent gesture, in which I overset the glass. 'Ah, what you have spilt!' cried the paragon of women; at the same time, twanging her strings, as if to lead back the attention of the company from this disturbance to herself. Her attempt succeeded; the more completely as she rose to her feet, seemingly that she might play with greater convenience, and in this attitude continued preluding. At sight of the red wine running over the table-cloth, I returned to myself. I perceived the great fault I had been guilty of; and it cut me through the very heart. Never till now had music spoken to me: the first verse she sang was a friendly good-night to the company, here as they were, as they might still feel themselves together. With the next verse they became as if scattered asunder; each felt himself solitary, separated, no one could fancy that he was present any longer. But what shall I say of the last verse? It was directed to me alone; the voice of injured love bidding farewell to moroseness and caprice. In silence I conducted her home; foreboding no good. Scarcely, however, had we reached our chamber, when she began to shew herself exceedingly kind and graceful, nay, even roguish; she made me the happiest of all men. Next morning, in high spirits and full of love, I said to her: 'Thou hast so often sung, when asked in company; as, for example, thy touching farewell song last night. Come, now, for my sake, and sing me a dainty gay welcome to this morning hour, that we may feel as if we were meeting for the first time.' 'That I may not do, my friend,' said she seriously. 'The song of last night referred to our parting, which must now forthwith take place: for I can only tell thee, the violation of thy promise and oath will have the worst consequences for us both; thou hast scoffed away a great felicity, and I too must renounce my dearest

wishes.' As I now pressed and entreated her to explain herself more clearly, she answered: 'That, alas, I can well do; for, at all events, my continuance with thee is over. Hear, then, what I would rather have concealed to the latest times. The form, under which thou sawest me in the box, is my natural and proper form: for I am of the race of King Eckwald, the dread Sovereign of the Dwarfs, concerning whom authentic history has recorded so much. Our people are still as of old laborious and busy, and therefore easy to govern. Thou must not fancy that the dwarfs are behindhand in their manufacturing skill. Swords which followed the foe when you cast them after him; invisible and mysteriously binding chains; impenetrable shields, and such like ware, in old times, formed their staple produce. But now they chiefly employ themselves with articles of convenience and ornament; in which truly they surpass all people of the earth. I may well say, it would astonish thee to walk through our workshops and warehouses. All this would be right and good, were it not that with the whole nation in general, but more particularly with the royal family, there is one peculiar circumstance connected.' She paused for a moment; and I again begged farther light on these wonderful secrets; which accordingly she forthwith proceeded to grant. 'It is well known,' said she, 'that God, so soon as he had created the world, and the ground was dry, and the mountains were standing bright and glorious, that God, I say, thereupon, in the very first place, created the dwarfs; to the end, that there might be reasonable beings also, who, in their passages and chasms, might contemplate and adore his wonders in the inward parts of the earth. It is farther well known, that this little race by degrees became uplifted in heart, and attempted to acquire the dominion of the earth: for which reason God then created the dragons, in order to drive back the dwarfs into their mountains. Now, as the dragons themselves were wont to nestle in the large caverns and clefts, and dwell there; and many of them, too, were in the habit of spitting fire, and working much other mischief, the poor little dwarfs were by this means thrown into exceeding straits and distress, so that not knowing what in the world to do, they humbly and fervently turned to God, and called to him in prayer, that he would vouchsafe to abolish this unclean dragon generation. But though it consisted not with his wisdom to destroy his own creatures, yet the heavy sufferings of the poor dwarfs so moved his compassion, that anon he created the giants, ordaining them to fight these dragons, and if not root them out, at least lessen their numbers. Now, no sooner had the giants got moderately well through with the dragons, than their hearts also began to wax wanton; and, in their presumption, they practised much tyranny, especially on the good little dwarfs, who then once more in their need turned to the Lord; and he, by the power of his hand, created the knights, who were to make war on the giants and dragons, and to live in concord with the dwarfs. Hereby was the work of creation completed on this side: and it is plain, that henceforth giants and dragons, as well as knights and dwarfs, have always maintained themselves in being. From this, my friend, it will be clear to thee, that we are of the oldest race on the earth; a circumstance which does us honour, but, at the same time, brings great disadvantage along with it. For as there is nothing in the world that can endure for ever, but all that has once been great must become

little and fade, it is our lot, also, that ever since the creation of the world, we have been waning and growing smaller; especially the royal family, on whom, by reason of their pure blood, this destiny presses with the heaviest force. To remedy this evil, our wise teachers have many years ago devised the expedient of sending forth a princess of the royal house from time to time into the world, to wed some honourable knight, that so the dwarf progeny may be reformed, and saved from entire decay.' Though my fair one related these things with an air of the utmost sincerity, I looked at her hesitatingly: for it seemed as if she meant to palm some fable on me. As to her own dainty lineage, I had not the smallest doubt; but that she should have laid hold of me in place of a knight, occasioned some mistrust; seeing I knew myself too well to suppose that my ancestors had come into the world by an immediate act of creation. I concealed my wonder and scepticism, and asked her kindly: 'But tell me, my dear child, how hast thou attained this large and stately shape? For I know few women that in richness of form can compare with thee.' 'Thou shalt hear,' replied she. 'It is a settled maxim in the council of the dwarf kings, that this extraordinary step be forborne as long as it possibly can; which, indeed, I cannot but say is quite natural and proper. Perhaps they might have lingered still longer, had not my brother, born after me, come into the world so exceedingly small, that the nurses actually lost him out of his swaddling-clothes, and no creature yet knows whither he is gone. On this occurrence, unexampled in the annals of dwarfdom, the sages were assembled; and without more ado, the resolution was taken, and I sent out in quest of a husband.' 'The resolution!' exclaimed I; 'that is all extremely well. One can resolve, one can take his resolution; but to give a dwarf this heavenly shape, how did your sages manage that?' 'It had been provided for already,' said she, 'by our ancestors. In the royal treasury lay a monstrous gold ring. I speak of it as it then appeared to me, when I saw it in my childhood; for it was this same ring which I have here on my finger. We now went to work as follows: I was informed of all that awaited me; and instructed what I had to do and to forbear. A splendid palace, after the pattern of my father's favourite summer residence, was then got ready: a main edifice, wings, and whatever else you could think of. It stood at the entrance of a large rock-cleft, which it decorated in the handsomest style. On the appointed day, our court moved thither, my parents also and myself. The army paraded; and four-and-twenty priests, not without difficulty, carried on a costly litter the mysterious ring. It was placed on the threshold of the building, just within the spot where you entered. Many ceremonies were observed; and after a pathetic farewell, I proceeded to my task. I stepped forward to the ring; laid my finger on it; and that instant, began perceptibly to wax in stature. In a few moments I had reached my present size; and then I put the ring on my finger. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the doors, windows, gates flapped to; the wings drew up into the body of the edifice; instead of a palace, stood a little box beside me, which I forthwith lifted, and carried off with me, not without a pleasant feeling in being so tall and strong; still, indeed, a dwarf to trees and mountains, to streams and tracts of land, yet a giant to grass and herbs, and, above all, to ants, from whom we dwarfs, 'not

being always on the best terms with them, often suffer considerable annoyance. How it fared with me on my pilgrimage, I might tell thee at great length. Suffice it to say, I tried many, but no one save thou seemed worthy of being honoured to renovate and perpetuate the line of the glorious Eekwald.' In the course of these narrations, my head had now and then kept wagging, without myself having absolutely shaken it. I put several questions; to which I received no very satisfactory answers: on the contrary, I learned to my great affliction, that after what had happened, she must needs return to her parents. She had hopes still, she said, of getting back to me; but for the present, it was indispensably necessary to present herself at court; as otherwise, both for her and me, there was nothing but utter ruin. The purses would soon cease to pay; and who knew what would be the consequences? On hearing that our money would run short, I inquired no farther into consequences: I shrugged my shoulders; I was silent, and she seemed to understand me. We now packed up, and got into our carriage, the box standing opposite us; in which, however, I could still see no symptoms of a palace. In this way we proceeded several stages. Post-money and drink-money were readily and richly paid from the pouches to the right and left; till at last we reached a mountainous district; and no sooner had we alighted here, than my fair one walked forward, directing me to follow her with the box. She led me by rather steep paths to a narrow plot of green ground, through which a clear brook now gushed in little falls, now ran in quiet windings. She pointed to a little knoll; bade me set the box down there, then said: 'Farewell! Thou wilt easily find the way back; remember me: I hope to see thee again.' At this moment, I felt as if I could not leave her. She was just now in one of her fine days, or if you will, her fine hours. Alone with so fair a being, on the green sward, among grass and flowers, girt in by rocks, waters murmuring round you, what heart could have remained insensible! I came forward to seize her hand, to clasp her in my arms; but she motioned me back; threatening me, though still kindly enough, with great danger, if I did not instantly withdraw. 'Is there no possibility, then,' exclaimed I, 'of my staying with thee; of thy keeping me beside thee?' These words I uttered with such rueful tones and gestures, that she seemed touched by them, and after some thought, confessed to me that a continuance of our union was not entirely impossible. Who happier than I! My importunity, which increased every moment, compelled her at last to come out with her scheme, and inform me that if I too could resolve on becoming as little as I had once seen her, I might still remain with her, be admitted to her house, her kingdom, her family. The proposal was not altogether to my mind: yet at this moment, I positively could not tear myself away; so, having already for a good while been accustomed to the marvellous, and being at all times prone to hold enterprises, I closed with her offer, and said she might do with me as she pleased. I was thereupon directed to hold out the little finger of my right hand; she placed her own against it; then with her left hand she quite softly pulled the ring from her finger, and let it run along mine. That instant, I felt a violent twinge on my finger: the ring shrunk together, and tortured me horribly. I gave a loud cry, and caught round me for my fair one, but she had disappeared. What state of mind I was in during this mo-

ment, I find no words to express; so I have nothing more to say, but that I very soon, in my miniature size, found myself beside my fair one in a wood of grass-stalks. The joy of meeting after this short yet most strange separation, or, if you will, of this re-union without separation, exceeds all conception. I fell on her neck; she replied to my caresses, and the little pair was as happy as the large one. With some difficulty, we now mounted a hill: I say difficulty, because the sward had become for us an almost impenetrable forest. Yet at length we reached a bare space; and how surprised was I at perceiving there a large bolted mass; which, ere long, I could not but recognise for the box, in the same state as when I had set it down. 'Go up to it, my friend,' said she, 'and do but knock with the ring: thou shalt see wonders.' I went up accordingly, and no sooner had I rapped, than I did, in fact, witness the greatest wonder. Two wings came jutting out; and at the same time there fell, like scales and chips, various pieces this way and that; while doors, windows, colonnades, and all that belongs to a complete palace at once came into view. If ever you have seen one of Hüntchen's desks; how, at one pull, a multitude of springs and latches get in motion, and writing board and writing materials, letter and money compartments, all at once, or in quick succession, start forward, you will partly conceive how this palace unfolded itself, into which my sweet attendant now introduced me. In the large saloon, I directly recognised the fire-place which I had formerly seen from above, and the chair in which she had then been sitting. And on looking up, I actually fancied I could still see something of the chink in the dome, through which I had peeped in. I spare you the description of the rest: in a word, all was spacious, splendid, and tasteful. Scarcely had I recovered from my astonishment, when I heard afar off a sound of military music. My better half sprang up; and with rapture announced to me the approach of his majesty her father. We stepped out to the threshold, and here beheld a magnificent procession moving towards us, from a considerable cleft in the rock. Soldiers, servants, officers of state, and glittering courtiers, followed in order. At last you observed a golden throng, and in the midst of it the king himself. So soon as the whole procession had drawn up before the palace, the king, with his nearest retinue, stepped forward. His loving daughter hastened out to him, pulling me along with her. We threw ourselves at his feet; he raised me very graciously; and on coming to stand before him, I perceived, that in this little world I was still the most considerable figure. We proceeded together to the palace; where his majesty, in presence of his whole court, was pleased to welcome me with a well-studied oration, in which he expressed his surprise at finding us here; acknowledged me as his son-in-law, and appointed the nuptial ceremony to take place on the morrow. A cold sweat went over me as I heard him speak of marriage; for I dreaded this even more than music, which otherwise appeared to me the most hateful thing on earth. Your music-makers, I used to say, enjoy at least the conceit of being in union with each other, and working in concord; for when they have tweaked and tuned long enough, grating our ears with all manner of screechies, they believe in their hearts that the matter is now adjusted, and one instrument accurately suited to the other. The band-master himself is in this happy delusion; and so they set forth joyfully, though still tearing our nerves to

pieces. In the marriage state, even this is not the case; for although it is but a duet, and you might think two voices, or even two instruments, might in some degree be attuned to each other, yet this happens very seldom; for while the man gives out one tone, the wife directly takes a higher one, and the man again a higher; and so it rises from the chamber to the choral pitch, and farther and farther, till at last wind instruments themselves cannot reach it. And now, as harmonical music itself is an offence to me, it will not be surprising that disharmonical should be a thing which I cannot endure. Of the festivities in which the day was spent, I shall and can say nothing; for I paid small heed to any of them. The sumptuous victuals, the generous wine, the royal amusements, I could not relish. I kept thinking and considering what I was to do. Here, however, there was but little to be considered. I determined, once for all, to take myself away, and hide somewhere. Accordingly, I succeeded in reaching the chink of a stone, where I entrenched and concealed myself as well as might be. My first care after this was to get the unhappy ring off my finger; an enterprise, however, which would by no means prosper, for on the contrary, I felt that every pull I gave, the metal grew straiter, and cramped me with violent pains, which again abated so soon as I desisted from my purpose. Early in the morning I awoke (for my little person had slept, and very soundly); and was just stepping out to look farther about me, when I felt a kind of rain coming on. Through the grass, flowers, and leaves, there fell, as it were, something like sand and grit in large quantities; but what was my horror when the whole of it became alive, and an innumerable host of ants rushed down on me! No sooner did they observe me, than they made an attack on all sides; and though I defended myself stoutly and gallantly enough, they at last so hemmed me in, so nipped and pinched me, that I was glad to hear them calling to surrender. I surrendered instantly and wholly; whereupon an ant of respectable stature approached me with courtesy, nay, with reverence, and even recommended itself to my good graces. I learned that the ants had now become allies of my father-in-law, and by him been called out in the present emergency, and commissioned to fetch me back. Here then was little I in the hands of creatures still less. I had nothing for it but looking forward to the marriage; nay, I must now thank Heaven, if my father-in-law were not wroth, if my fair one had not taken the sullen. Let me skip over the whole train of ceremonies: in a word, we were wedded. Gaily and joyously as matters went, there were, nevertheless, solitary hours, in which you were led astray into reflection; and now there happened to me something which had never happened before: what, and how, you shall learn. Everything about me was completely adapted to my present form and wants; the bottles and glasses were in a fit ratio to a little toper, nay, if you will, better measure, in proportion, than with us. In my tiny palate, the dainty tid-bits tasted excellently; a kiss from the little mouth of my spouse was still the most charming thing in nature; and I will not deny that novelty made all these circumstances highly agreeable. Unhappily, however, I had not forgotten my former situation. I felt within me a scale of bygone greatness; and it rendered me restless and cheerless. Now, for the first time did I understand what the philosophers might mean by their ideal, which they say so plagues the mind

of man. I had an ideal of myself; and often in dreams I appeared as a giant. In short, my wife, my ring, my dwarf figure, and so many other bonds and restrictions, made me utterly unhappy, so that I began to think seriously about obtaining my deliverance. Being persuaded that the whole magic lay in the ring, I resolved on filing this asunder. From the court-jeweller, accordingly, I borrowed some files. By good luck, I was left-handed, as, indeed, throughout my whole life, I had never done aught in the right-handed way. I stood tightly to the work: it was not small; for the golden hoop, so thin as it appeared, had grown proportionably thicker in contracting from its former length. All vacant hours I privately applied to this task: and at last, the metal being nearly through, I was provident enough to step out of doors. This was a wise measure; for all at once the golden hoop started sharply from my finger, and my frame shot aloft with such violence, that I actually fancied I should dash against the sky; and, at all events, I must have bolted through the dome of our palace; nay, perhaps, in my new awkwardness, have destroyed this summer-residence altogether. Here then was I standing again; in truth, so much the larger, but also, as it seemed to me, so much the more foolish and helpless. On recovering from my stupefaction, I observed the royal strong-box lying near me, which I found to be moderately heavy, as I lifted it, and carried it down the foot-path to the next stage; where I directly ordered horses and set forth. By the road, I soon made trial of the two side-pouches. Instead of money, which appeared to be run out, I found a little key: it belonged to the strong-box, in which I got some moderate compensation. So long as this held out, I made use of the carriage: by and by I sold it, and proceeded by the diligence. The strong-box, too, I at length cast from me, having no hope of its ever filling again. And thus in the end, though after a considerable circuit, I again returned to the kitchen-hearth, to the landlady, and the cook, where you were first introduced to me."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Real Dance of Death.—The Heroines of Souli: extracted from the Memoirs on Greece and Albania. By Ibrahim-Manzour-Effendi.

THE riches of Ali Pacha succeeded in effecting what arms alone could not have done: a wretch not worthy the name of a Souliote succeeded in seducing several of his countrymen, and persuaded them to introduce into *Souli* a body of 200 Albanians. As soon as Veli Pacha learned the success of this treason, he ordered the city to be attacked on various points. The Souliotes hastened to defend their defiles; but while they were combating the enemy in front, they were attacked in the rear: taken by surprise, and cut up by two fires, they fled to their fortresses.

Famine, and the dread of being again betrayed, compelled them to capitulate. By the articles of capitulation, they were at liberty to go and reside wherever they pleased, except in their own mountains. They decided on dividing into two bodies, one of which should go to Prevesa, and the other to Parga. Orders were given to massacre them all on their Journey. The Albanese came up with the party going to Parga, when instinct supplied the place of experience: they formed a solid square, with the aged, women, children, and cattle in the centre; and, in this menacing position, reached Parga without their assassins daring to attack them.

The division of Prevesa was not so fortunate.

Suddenly attacked, and finding defence impossible, it fled in disorder to a Greek convent. The Albanians forced this retreat, and massacred the whole.

One hundred women, with their children, had fled in another direction, and gained the summit of a stupendous rock, from whence they witnessed the fate of all that was dear to them, and which soon awaited themselves. A sudden resolution enabled them to cheat the inhuman tigers of their prey. They seized each other's hands, and began a dance on the rock, of which an unheard-of heroism inspired the steps, and the anguish of death hastened the cadence. Patriotic songs filled the air, and struck on the ear of the Mahometans: an universal shout closed the strain, and only ceased when the silence of death told their enemies that the last link of this holy chain was dashed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AFRICAN EXPEDITION: LATEST NEWS.

Clever expedient for getting forward!

OR the travellers in Africa no accounts have been received since they were last mentioned in the *Literary Gazette*; though the intelligence there given, has since been retailed again to the public in the circumstantial shape of a Port letter. We have now before us news from Sierra Leone of the 8th ult., at which recent date we are informed there were no fresh arrivals either from Captain Clapperton or Major Laing. Our correspondent, however, alludes to the report which had been in circulation respecting the death of Mr. Dickson, and informs us that it has been satisfactorily contradicted by a remarkable circumstance which has conferred some celebrity on that gentleman. On his arrival in the *Shah* country, it seems, the influence of M. de Souza, which had been of so much service to him near the coast, began to fail, and the *Shah* natives (as is usual with these African tribes,) made a number of petty excuses for the purpose of retarding his progress, the chief of which was that the Fetish was not yet favourable to his advance. In proof of this they shewed him the Fetish, which was indeed most unpropitious to his wishes. Upon this obstacle being so presented, Mr. Dickson asked for and obtained permission to try White-man Fetish. Among other apparatus with which he was liberally provided, there happened to be a galvanic battery, and this he erected in the presence of the *Shah* people. He then requested a fowl to be killed; and having immediately submitted it to the galvanic action, the dead bird performed the phenomena so well known in England; fluttered, shook its head and limbs, and almost flew away—to the inexpressible horror and consternation of the amazed natives. In short, there was no resisting such a miracle: they instantly acknowledged that his Fetish was conclusive, and begged that he would march out of the country with as much haste as possible. Mr. Dickson by this ingenious expedient thus attained his principal object; but he had great difficulty in procuring carriers for his baggage, such was the alarm produced by galvanism in Africa. Since this time, nothing further has been heard of him, which the writer considers to be auspicious; for, had he died (he says) the news must have reached the coast. [We presume that the information contained in the foregoing has been obtained from the Africans who come to Sierra Leone from the interior.]

The *Shah* here mentioned is, we imagine,

the *Shar*, so spelt in the letters received in May last, (see *Lit. Gaz.* of the 27th of that month), which state that Mr. Dickson had obtained leave from the King of Dahomey to proceed thither, and had actually left his court on the 31st of December, 1825, with fifty armed men and a hundred bearers to escort him to his destination. *Shar* is there said to be seventeen days' journey towards the north, and situated to the south-west of *Yaery* or *Yaouri*. It was to the latter that Major Laing, according to one statement, proposed to descend from Timbuctoo when the river was swollen in August, and it was also for *Youri* that Captain Clapperton wrote, (Hio, 22d February last,) he was then about to set off.

Paris, 19th January.

A FRIEND of mine observed that he had never read an act of parliament that he could not drive a coach and four through; and it is the case with every penal statute:—no human foresight can anticipate all the arts of evasion. Of this we have abundant proof in France. Government will not grant the privilege for any new political journals. Accordingly defunct journals have been hunted up. The *Aristarque*, a liberal paper, had been dead eight or ten years; Messrs. Labourdonnaie and Co. got hold of the proprietors, and gave them a good round sum for their title, and published an ultra-loyalist journal under it. Another journal, entitled *La France Chrétienne; Journal Religieux, Politique, et Littéraire*, soon went to the tomb of all the Capulets. New speculators purchased the title, and commenced under it a journal which is neither *Christian* nor *Religious*, and those two words are printed in very small Gothic characters, which are almost illegible; so that the title seems to run, *La France, Journal Politique et Littéraire*.

The Académie Française in the grand crisis when the press is "to be or not to be," has shewn itself worthy of its trust. An extraordinary sitting was held on Tuesday, to consider the project of law, when only six members were found to support it—they were Messrs. Cuvier, Lally Tolendal, Roger, Auger, Laplace, and Camperon.

Of these, M. Cuvier owes all his fame to the press; and the Marquis de Lally Tolendal the justification of his father's memory, who was beheaded on an iniquitous sentence. M. Roger is secretary-general of the Post Office, and it was therefore natural for him to vote that all letters should bear a stamp. Laplace, holding such constant commune with the stars, might easily make a mistake as to what was passing on earth. The other two are mere make-weights in the Academy. The Archbishop of Paris was not present, but sent a letter, in which he cautioned his brethren how they acted, as they might draw on them the dissolution of the Academy. This threat produced a very different effect from what the noble prelate expected, for the Academy would not even suffer his letter to be read to the end. M. Raynouard, the secretary, produced from the archives of the Academy the copy of a petition to the king, in 1788, when the liberties of the press were in danger. Messrs. Lacrosette, Chateaubriand, and Villemain, were selected to draw up the petition to the king.

As may be expected, this has furnished a rich harvest for puns.

* The *Moniteur* of yesterday contains the dismissal of Messrs. Lacrosette, Villemain, and Michaud; the first was Dramatic Censor; the second, Master of Requests; and the third, Reader to the King.

The word *dissolution* will be rejected from the dictionary of the French Academy.

All that M. de Quelen (the archbishop) said was not taken for gospel.

A new poem on Silence begins thus:—
"When you would speak, begin by holding your tongue."

The Count de Lanjuinais, peer of France, a sound patriot and elegant scholar, died on Saturday last, aged 74: depositions from the Chamber of Peers, and the Academy of Inscriptions, attended his funeral, which was escorted by about 200 military, and attended by a vast number of persons who honoured his virtues and great qualities. Three discourses were delivered at the grave.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GARDENING REPORT FOR DECEMBER, AND
CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

The lingering remains of one of the finest of seasons were in existence till a month ago: a writer in an Edinburgh paper says he gathered from the open garden ten different sorts of flowers on New Year's Day. In the neighbourhood of London, above a dozen varieties of Chrysanthemum were in full flower in the first week of January; they were protected from perpendicular cold, but not enclosed by glass. The autumn Mezerion, Japan quince, and *Odoniferus Calycanthus* (now *Chimonanthus*), have long been in flower in warm situations. The late dry summer has even had considerable effect on some descriptions of green-house plants; and Camellias (or Camillas, as the auctioneers call them) have in consequence come sooner and more vigorously into flower than usual. Every sort of culinary vegetable and baking fruit was cheap, and the labours of the gardens about London were in a forward state. Peas had been above ground for some weeks in various places; among others at Oatlands, the kitchen-garden of which is one of the earliest in the neighbourhood of London. It is a fortnight earlier than that of Lord Tankerville, not two miles distant; but the latter is on clay, and the former on dry sand.

Peas and beans may be sown and planted in February, when, besides the legumes mentioned, onions, carrots, parsnips, beet, spinach, and various minor crops, may be committed to the soil. We would also strongly recommend to our readers to commence about that time the Lancashire preparation for an early crop of potatoes. The sort used is called Fox's seedling. Cut every potato into three parts, and keep these parts in three separate parcels; then pick out from each part all the buds excepting one, which of course must be the strongest. Spread out the sets on shelves in a kitchen or any warm room; in a fortnight those of the soft or bud end of the potato will have pushed an inch, those of the middle a quarter of an inch, and those of the root or runner end will have begun to swell. Pot the early sets in light rich mould, one set in a small pot, and still keep them in a warm place, no matter whether very light or not. About the 1st of March each set will have made a shoot nine inches long, abundantly supplied with roots; plant them out in a dry warm situation; protect them every night with litter, and in very severe nights with the addition of mats supported from the litter by hoops; give the usual routine culture, and potatoes may be gathered in the first week of May. The sets of the middle and root end may be kept in a cool room till the 1st of April, when they will have pushed a few inches, and the more so; if the middle cuts have been placed in a layer of

sawdust. They may now be planted in the open air in the usual way; the middle sets will yield a crop of tubers about the end of June, and the root and cuts about a fortnight later. This plan has been adopted in the neighbourhood of Lancaster, and has been described by Mr. Saul, an eminent horticulturist of that town.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, Jan. 20th.—On Monday, the first day of Lent term, the following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—The Hon. and Rev. T. H. Coventry, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; E. F. Carrington, Queen's College; W. A. Eide and D. M'Lean, Balliol College.

Note.—It is absolutely necessary that the Bachelor of Arts degree should be taken on or before the 22d of February, by those who wish to be admitted to the list of Determiners for the year 1837.

FINE ARTS.

IMPROVEMENTS OF LONDON.

ONE of the most important plans for the improvement of our capital has just been finally sanctioned. A Minute has passed the Treasury Board, authorising the erection of a Terrace from Storey's Gate, up the Bird Cage Walk, along the whole of the south side of the Park, to Piccadilly. This will be in unison with the Terrace on the opposite side, from Spring Gardens westward; and thus, with the king's new palace at one end and the Horse Guards and other architectural public buildings at the other, form St. James's Park into one Grand Square. In the centre, the canal is to be reduced and diverted into picturesque windings, instead of its present formal and uninteresting shape. The marshy ground is to be drained and disposed into parterres, shrubberies, and other ornamental designs. Thus we shall at last have a delightful promenade in London, vying in size and attractions with the Gardens of the Tuilleries or Luxembourg.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE: THE KING'S ROOMS.

At a moment when one part of the royal palace of St. James's has acquired so memorable and so melancholy a share of publicity, we have felt disposed to gratify our readers with the description of another part, respecting which a great and general degree of interest is felt, and about which little or nothing is known, beyond the precincts of the Sovereign's household. We allude to the Private Apartments occupied by our gracious Monarch, when he has resided in London, since the demolition of Carlton House. Every good subject wishes to learn how his king is lodged; and we are glad that the *Literary Gazette* can supply the information.

That his Majesty prefers small and comfortable rooms for his common abode, to spacious and magnificent state chambers, has frequently been mentioned; but that the greatest potentate in the world should be contented and happy with a suite of apartments (as his metropolitan palace) which would hardly satisfy a country esquire in a shooting-box, is, perhaps, news to his people. It is, however, even so: we had an opportunity of walking through them, during a late mournful occasion, and what we describe is from personal observation.

The private apartments are on the ground-floor, at the west end of St. James's; principally beneath the throne-room and audience-chamber in the range above. There is one entrance by the Engine Court from the northern side, chiefly for officers and attendants, &c., and another, for his Majesty, from the garden

on the side of the Park. The latter opens into a small vestibule, whence the stair (and a most conveniently constructed one it is) runs up to the state-rooms in the superior tier. On the right and left of this vestibule, as you enter from the Park, are all the king requires for his dwelling-place, consisting of one chamber on the left hand, and four on the right, with a single bed-room and a room for his page above. Parallel to the lower suite are four apartments looking into Engine Court, for the officers and attendants.

It may be worth while to mention, in the way of historical chit-chat, that these rooms were, in the time of George II. occupied by the celebrated Countess of Yarmouth; in the last reign, by the equally well-known Mr. Dalton, the antiquary; and, up to the time of the late alterations, by the maids of honour of Queen Charlotte. But we return to the rooms themselves. The decorations throughout are of a very humble description, sans glitter, sans gold, sans finery. The walls are covered with an ordinary paper; the chimney-pieces of plain marble; and the whole furniture composed of rose-wood and simple chintz calico, such as may be seen in any private gentleman's habitation. We would say, that the rooms are rather of small dimensions; for example, his Majesty, in his dining-room, could not well dine more than half-a-dozen in comfort. Such is the accommodation of the King of Great Britain, at this good day, in the capital of his kingdom. We should notice, that the principal ornaments of these rooms are derived from the Arts, of which his Majesty is so judicious, as well as so liberal, a patron. Three of the four are hung round with pictures from various of the royal palaces; and what, if we could venture to give our humble opinion on such a point, reflects great credit on the selection, is, that they are all of a beautiful and pleasing character.

In passing through the royal closet to the funeral chamber of the late lamented Commander-in-Chief, our attention was attracted by a model, which, on inquiry, we found to be that of the Fountain proposed to be erected in the centre of the opening which will be made by the removal of Carlton House. We examined it slightly, and perceived that it was an octagon, of four principal and four smaller sides: each of the smaller sides formed of two columns, supporting an attic on which are placed the Prince of Wales's plume and two lions couchant. The larger sides are each formed of an open colonnade of four columns, consequently sixteen in all, in which we recognised the eight noble columns of the portico of Carlton House, to which, of course, eight similarly magnificent columns are to be added. We could have liked to see these, our old favourites in London architecture, better applied. Over each of the chief intercolumniations or sides, there appeared to run a row of balusters; the whole crowned by a ponderous dome. The entire structure stands upon a flight of steps. At each of the four corners is a *jet d'eau* of dolphins, &c. and basin (we presume for the public, and long a desideratum in the metropolis). In the centre, under the dome, is the principal *jet*, beautifully composed of naiads and other classical forms. Apropos, the employment of the portico columns noticed above, is not the only application of the fine materials of his Majesty's late residence to other uses. Some of the newspapers seemed to have "found tongues in stones;" for they have absolutely appropriated the well-known and much-admired Screen in Pall Mall to a hundred different destinations:—the Duke of Devonshire

had got it for Piccadilly, and the Duke of Wellington for Hyde Park Corner—but after all, as we have long known, it is to form the conservatories which terminate the terrace to the west front of Buckingham Palace, which we described in our *Gazette* many months ago.

With regard to the temporary abode which suffices for our illustrious Monarch when it is necessary for him to be in London, we have not described it with any regretful feeling of its extreme inadequacy for such a tenant, or of covered censure that he should not be better lodged. That we have written on the subject at all, has arisen rather from our surprise at becoming acquainted with the circumstances; and fancying that thousands of his loyal subjects would be gratified by having the same information communicated to them. Perhaps we ought to say, that the Palace of St. James's is appropriated to state purposes—for levees, drawing-rooms, banquets, balls, &c., of which we most sincerely wish there were ten times as many as there are, because we are persuaded there is not in Europe a royal building so well arranged for such entertainments and ceremonies. But for our gracious King, he takes the corner of the house, and seems to be perfectly satisfied with a set of rooms which could not be boasted of by the youngest ensign of his guards!

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.

It is difficult at a first view of this or any other periodical exhibition to decide at once on its character, or whether it is superior or otherwise in comparison with preceding years. The present, however, appears to us to exhibit talents of the highest excellence; and of some of the performances, we confidently believe that when Time, the improver, has toned down their freshness and harmonised their colours, they may rank with the best productions of those great masters whose late stations they now occupy. It is stated, that the directors have been unwillingly compelled, in consequence of the increased number of pictures sent to the gallery this season, to decline the acceptance of several pictures of considerable merit; and that in this selection they have generally thought it right to give the preference to those pictures which have not previously been exhibited.

Of this kind, however, there is little or no show either in the highly classic or historic art, with the exception, in the latter department, of Mr. Drummond's and Mr. Arnald's pictures for the gallery at Greenwich.

Our artists seem, by common consent, or rather from the want of encouragement in the higher walks of art, to confine their labours to local scenery, works of imagination, and domestic subjects; and in their style and manner to adopt the colouring of the best artists of the Flemish and Florentine schools.

Among the most attractive specimens of British talents now in the view of the public, and "not before exhibited," are, the two subjects already alluded to, by Mr. Drummond and Mr. Arnald; the first presenting a Deck Scene, in which Admiral De Winter is depicted delivering his sword to Lord Duncan, after the battle of Camperdown; that of Mr. Arnald represents the Battle of the Nile at the moment of the blowing up of L'Orient. Both are finely contrasted in character and effect. Around, in other places, (though we forbear for the present from offering any particular remark on the performances), we have to notice some of the most striking productions which caught

our attention at a hasty glance. No. 114. A Holy Family, from a design of Michael Angelo, in bass-relief.—Mrs. Carpenter. No. 141. A Negro's Head,—John Jackson, R.A. Two Children, Dancers in a Dutch Ballet.—G. S. Newton. No. 24. Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II., Scene 1.—H. P. Briggs, A.R.A. No. 31. The Queen Berengaria imploring Richard Cœur de Lion to grant the life of Sir Kenneth.—H. Fradelle. No. 63. Scene from the Novel of the Antiquary.—Wm. Daniel, R.A. No. 66. Maria.—E. D. Leahy, and others. *Coast Scenes*, No. 107. Dutch Boats off the Mouth of the Seine, Havre de Grace in the distance.—C. Stanfield. Scene on the Coast of Normandy.—C. Stanfield. Another Sea View, by J. Wilson. Of picturesque architecture there are several very beautiful examples by Stanley, Jones, and Roberts. Of landscape scenery there are many clever specimens, by Constable, Glover, Hofland, Stark, Richardson, Linton, and others. In the department of familiar and domestic subjects, Fraser, Graham, Clayter, B. Farrier, and Platt, have given examples of great merit.—In that of animal, E. Landseer is, as usual, eminently conspicuous. In cattle portraiture, No. 11, is a fine example, by James Ward, R.A. No. 12, Sheep reposing, John Linnel; and No. 23, Cattle, by John Burnett, possess very striking excellence. No. 48, The Chymist, by John Lonsdale; and the Schoolboy, No. 90, by John Boaden, are also among the attractive novelties in the north room. Nor must we omit, in sculpture, the beautiful group of Painting deriving inspiration from Poetry, by E. H. Bailey, R.A. This tasteful model gives to the room a variety in the *coup d'œil* which is highly advantageous. Indeed the sculpture of this year's exhibition is of a superior character, we think, to the last; and we are much gratified in seeing the several models raised from the degrading stations on the ground, or below the eye, which they used to occupy.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Great Chamber at St. James's Palace, with the Remains of H. R. H. the Duke of York lying in State. Drawn on Stone. By J. D. Harding: the Figures by Dighton. Printed by Hulmandel. Ackermann.

THE disposition of the chamber in which the remains of our late Prince were laid in solemn state, was unquestionably that portion of the ceremonies observed with regard to his funeral, which gave the most entire satisfaction to the people. It was what we described it would be in our Number of the preceding week, and what the print now before us conveys a striking and accurate representation of, to gratify the curiosity and feeling of the general public. It is, we observe, "taken by authority," and, as we understand by the able artists employed, under the immediate direction of Mr. Hunt, whose fine taste and skill in such arrangements, as well as in the higher walks of building and architecture, will not be doubted by those who have seen his beautiful work on Gothic Lodges, &c.* On former similar occasions, the rooms have been hung with black, stretched along like webs of cloth in a clothier's or dyer's field, without drapery, and without effect. In this instance, on the contrary, the sad splendour of the sable tent, the plumed pendant, in the centre, the mantle folds falling downwards in deepening draperies, and the festoons gathered up

* Half a Dozen Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture, in a Series of Designs for Gate Lodges, Gamekeepers' Cottages, and other Rural Residences, &c. Longman and Co.

in shadowy grandeur which no light could dissipate; all gave an impressiveness to the scene, very honourable to the talents of the inventor, and not readily to be forgotten by the spectator. And of this scene the present admirable specimen of lithography, though produced with surprising rapidity, affords a faithful picture. The figures are put in most gracefully, and the *coup d'œil* could not be preserved in a superior manner; so that, viewing the nature of the subject and the style of its execution, we anticipate that it will be one of the most popular prints ever published.

Two Views of Falmouth: the one from, and the other with, Pendennis Castle. Engraved from a Picture by W. Daniell, R.A.

THESE views are tinted, and though of the same place, nothing more different can be conceived than their different appearances. In the one there is a bold fore-ground, behind which an estuary, the town, and distant heights, are seen: in the other, the water is beautifully spread out in many a bay and winding inlet, a remarkable tree gives it a peculiar aspect, and the shipping and Pendennis on its rocky peninsula finish a lovely scene. The sky in both is finely touched; and altogether we have not been better pleased with any productions in the same style for a long, long while. They show what sweet and picturesque subjects our artists may find at home for the exercise of their pencils.

Ecce Homo: from Guido, on Stone. By J. C. Zeitter. Engelmann and Co.

THIS is a fair proof of the well-applied capabilities of lithography, and, as far as they go, an excellent performance. The general expression of Guido's pathetic head of the "man of many sorrows" is well kept; and if there are parts which make us feel that this art is far inferior to the mastery of line engraving, there are others which teach us to value it as a cheap and adequate mode of propagating a love for the Fine Arts.

A Picturesque Tour in Spain, Portugal, and along the Coast of Africa, from Tangier to Tetuan. By J. Taylor, Knight, &c. of the Legion of Honour, and one of the Authors of the *Voyage Pittoresque dans l'Ancienne France*. Paris, J. Smith. London, Jennings. Part I.

WE hail the commencement of this publication in England with great satisfaction. It is printed in various sizes, and is to appear, we believe, monthly; each Part containing five engravings. Judging from the first of these, we entertain a high opinion of the talent employed on the selection of the Views, and an equally favourable one of the ability with which they are executed. They consist of the King's Palace at Madrid, the Tomb of the Scipios, the Alcazar of Seville, Travelling in Portugal, and the Alhambra at Grenada. The two latter, in particular, are severely characteristic and interesting; but the whole series promises to maintain a deserved reputation, not only for taste in choice of objects, but for their being exhibited under the best circumstances, and combining truth with artist-like management and clever engraving. The names of W. R. Smith, R. Brandred, J. Lewis, and T. Barber, are on these plates.

Hanoverian and Savan Scenery. Part II. Jennings.

CAPTAIN BATTY, who is now, we notice, drawing both his sword and, with, his pencil in

Portugal, will not readily be forgotten in London, if he continues to send forth such beautiful works as this. The vignettes alone, at the head of each description, independent of the delicious engravings, are worth more than the subscription; and in this Part the admirable Tower of St. Andrew's Church, Brunswick, engraved by Woolnoth, is a perfect gem, enough to tempt one to purchase the entire publication.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

WILLOW LEAVES.

Translation of *Les Feuilles de Saulé*. Par Mde. Aimable Tastu.

"Un jour je m'étais amusé à effeuiller une branche de saule sur un ruisseau, et à attacher une idée à chaque feuille, que le courant entraînait."—*Chateaubriand*.

THE hour was fair, but Autumn's dying
Was upon leaf, and flower, and tree;
The sunshine with the season flying,
As I could feel my life from me.

Beside an aged trunk reclining,
All other darker days forgot,
The leaves fell, and the waves went pining,
Lost in my dreams, I marked them not.

From the old willow o'er me bending,
My hand, unconscious, stripp'd a bough,
Then watch'd it the light leaves descending,
Borne on by the blue current's flow.

Idlesse it hath the vaguest dreaming,
From their course sought I to divine;
And mid those o'er the waters streaming
Chose I one for my fortune's sign.

Skiff-like it flow'd with peace before it,
Till choice of mine upon it fell,
Then rudely prest the wild waves o'er it—
It sunk: I chose mine emblem well!

Another leaf! to some hope clinging,
A miracle might guard its way;
'Twas my fate—the wind past, flinging
My oracle, my hope away.

To the wave where my fortunes leave me
My genius passes with the gale:
Shall I trust to it, to bereave me
Of dearer vow?—my spirits fail.

E'en while at its own weakness blushing,
My sick heart sinks beneath its fear;
That heart is weak, and dark clouds rushing,
Are all its omens bid appear.

Down from my hand the green bough falling,
I leave the willow and the stream;
Yet still their omens dream recalling,
Those prophet leaves haunt midnight's dream.

L. E. L.

THE FEAR.

I WILL not breathe thy sunny hair
With summer flowers;
Their breath and bloom will not outlast
A few short hours.

I am too anxious in my love
To bear to see
Those sweet but fragile flower leaves
Wasting by thee.

They are so fresh, in loveliness
So much like thine,
That evil omen does it seem
To watch them pine.

Thus I should think, like these will fade
Thy lip of rose—
Like those blue violets, thine eyes
Grow dim and close.

I know the time will come, our star
Of joy must set;
But that such grief must be I would
At least forget.

Then let not, mid thy golden curls,
Those blossoms sigh;
I cannot bear that even a flower
Near thee should die.

For all too precious and too dear
Thou art to me,
For me to brook aught that recalls
I might lose Thee.

IOLE.

LINES

Respectfully inscribed to the Memory of His late Royal Highness the Duke of York.

Αἰὲν γὰρ ἱερὰν αἶσαν γὰρ εἶπες.—*Thucydides*.

"For so famous men all the earth is a sepulchre."
Hobbes' Translation.

WHEN the brow of the Warrior lies shrouded
in gloom,
And the Sage has gone down to the depths of
the tomb,
And the tongue of the Poet is silent and cold,
And the Monarch has pass'd "like a tale that
is told:"—

Weep not for the fallen, lament not the dead,
Though the form and the feature are wither'd
and fled:

Yet their deeds the proud record of memory
saves,
And the radiance of glory shines bright on
their graves.

Go, ask of the mountain, its heights shall reply,
And the plain find a voice when the traveller
is nigh:

And the sea, from the breast of its deep rolling
wave,
Shall speak of the acts of the noble and brave.

Then look not with grief to the shades of the
earth,
They cannot be drawn o'er the bosom of worth;
And the finger of Fame, like a sunbeam, shall
spread

The brightness of day through the caves of the
dead.

Immortal—unchanged—on the portals that
frown

O'er the gloom-cover'd pathway which leads
to renown.

The meed of the Victor is blazon'd on high;
"It is not the doom of the famous to die."

Chelsea.

J. F. H.

BIOGRAPHY.

MARQUESS OF HASTINGS.

THE Marquess of Hastings, whose death at Naples, on the 28th November, we have to commemorate, was certainly one of the most distinguished personages of the age in which he lived. The high endowments of his mind, and the lofty magnanimity of his character, constituted him, in the fullest sense of the term, a great man. He combined, indeed, all the qualifications of a first-rate military officer with the knowledge and capacity of a great statesman; and practically evinced, wherever the opportunity was afforded to him, the most signal proofs of the pre-eminence of his talents in both these departments of the public service. His career as a military man commenced in America, whither he went immediately after the completion of his education at Oxford. In the course of that unfortunate war, he was raised to the highest distinction, by the personal gallantry for which he was always conspicuous, and by the various talents which he displayed, more especially at the latter period, when, in

command of a separate corps, he was opposed to a much superior force under General Greene, the ablest officer of the American army, whom he defeated in a general action, and whose plans and operations, during a whole campaign, he entirely disconcerted, making up, by extraordinary penetration, vigilance, and activity, for the comparative deficiency of his force. For these services, on his return to England at the close of that war, he was made an English peer by his own title of Lord Rawdon, and his reputation throughout the army was fully established. On the death of his father, in 1793, he became Earl of Moira; and shortly afterwards, at the commencement of the French revolutionary war, he was selected by Mr. Pitt as the officer naturally pointed out for the command of that army which was destined to land in France, in order to co-operate with the Royalists of La Vendée in the restoration of the House of Bourbon. He accordingly took charge of the forces which were collected for this service in the neighbourhood of Southampton, accompanied by the French princes, and a numerous body of the most ancient and distinguished of the nobility of France. It is needless now to state the causes which led to the abandonment of that great enterprise. It is only necessary to observe, that the destination of the army was subsequently changed, and Lord Moira was directed to proceed with it to Ostend,—there to disembark, and, if possible, to effect a junction with the allied army, which was at that time in the neighbourhood of Antwerp, and severely pressed by the superior numbers of the enemy. The undertaking was one of the greatest difficulty and hazard, as two French armies were interposed between Ostend and the allies. The peculiar circumstances of the campaign, however, demanded, at all risks, the attempt, and Lord Moira took upon himself the responsibility of making it: he succeeded completely in deceiving the enemy, and, by one of the most extraordinary marches of which military history affords an example, he effected the junction without sustaining any loss. It was on this occasion, after he had cleared the French armies, and was passing the Austrian corps, that Field-Marshal Clarfayt paid him that memorable compliment:—"My lord, you have done what was impossible."—"Mi lor, vous avez fait l'impossible."

But it was in India that he was enabled to display the full extent of his capacity. His administration of that empire, for a period of more than nine years, during which he exercised the united powers of governor-general and commander-in-chief, and brought two wars of the greatest magnitude to a triumphant issue, under circumstances the most critical, and demanding the utmost exertion of the greatest talents, will be a durable monument to his fame; and when smaller differences on comparatively unimportant points shall be buried in the grave, will be contemplated by all who interest themselves in the concerns of that great country, with the highest admiration, as a period of our history there, which was splendid in all its aspects, highly honourable to our name, at the same time that it was pre-eminently beneficial to our most substantial interests. In the progress of these great services, Lord Moira was created Marquess of Hastings; a grant was voted to him by the East India Company; and he twice received the thanks of the Directors and Court of Proprietors, and of the two Houses of Parliament. Lord Hastings returned to England from India in the year 1823, having requested to be recalled; and in the follow-

ing year was appointed to the government of Malta.

Small as was the sphere in which he was there called upon to act, compared with that which he had so recently quitted, he did not therefore disdain to take an interest in whatever belonged to it; but, on the contrary, he devoted himself to the business of the island with an unremitting application, and was engaged in maturing plans for its improvement in every branch of administration: but he was not permitted to bring his labours to a close—as the place, prematurely for its own advantage, was destined to be the last scene of his public life, as well as the depository of his mortal remains. In the grateful recollection of that people, however, his name will long be cherished with affectionate veneration.

In the House of Lords, Lord Hastings, as Lord Rawdon and Earl of Moira, took part in all the debates of importance which occurred during his time, and was distinguished for his eloquence. His deportment while speaking was naturally dignified, and his manner graceful; his language, though figurative, animated, and glowing, was peculiarly classical and correct; and he was listened to always with the greatest attention. In the history and constitution of his country he was thoroughly versed, having deeply meditated on the subject; and he had clear opinions formed on all the great questions which have been agitated in later times with respect to our internal polity. Fully sensible of the value of our complex form of government in its practical operation, and of the substantial benefits derived under it to all classes of the community, he was not over-concerned about its theoretical perfection, and would have been always found the decided opponent of speculative innovations. But for the removal of civil disabilities on account of religion, he was most earnestly anxious, regarding this measure as no innovation, but as a restoration of the constitution, in a case where it had been partially suspended, on grounds which had long ceased to exist. His political conduct was uniformly temperate: during the administration of Mr. Pitt, he was generally considered a member of the opposition; but he was more particularly looked upon as the principal person of that party which was understood to comprise the friends of his present Majesty, to whom, from the earliest period of his public life, to its final close, he was devoted by feelings of the strongest personal attachment. On the formation of Lord Grenville's administration, he became a member of the Cabinet, and was Master-General of the Ordnance, which is the only ministerial office in this country which he ever filled.

This very slight outline of the public character of this eminent person, it has been easy to trace: but to convey an adequate impression of the various qualities which adorned his private life, and endeared him, enthusiastically almost, to those who approached him nearly, would be difficult indeed!

His manners were peculiarly striking. The dignity of his appearance, and the polished urbanity of his address, marked him at once as a gentleman of the highest order; but his good-breeding, though perfectly refined, always seemed the natural impulse of his kind disposition; and was as apparent in his intercourse with the humblest members of society as with persons of his own rank and station. To those with whom he lived in habits of intimacy and friendship, he was not contented with rendering real services, whenever the opportunity occurred—

but he never omitted those little attentions which more frequently offer, and the interchange of which constitutes so pleasing a part of private life. His mind was richly cultivated; his information extensive, and at the same time minute: he was an excellent scholar, and remarkable for the purity and eloquence of his familiar language. His conversation was always interesting, and with his immediate friends and family, there was oftentimes a playfulness and charm in it which constituted their greatest pleasure.

In addition to these qualities, he was blessed with the happiest temper, and possessed the warmest and most generous heart; and it may be truly said of him, as it was of another great man, that his ample fortune absolutely sank under the benevolence of his nature.

He died with the most perfect resignation to the Divine will, in charity with all mankind, and in those sentiments of elevated piety which had been habitual to his life.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY. Traditions of the Western Highlands.

NO. VIII.—COINNACH OER.

COINNACH OER, which means Dun Kenneth, was a celebrated man in his generation. He has been called the Isaiah of the North. The prophecies of this man are very frequently alluded to and quoted in various parts of the Highlands; although little is known of the man himself, except in Rosshire. He was a small farmer in Strath Pfeffer, near Dingwall, and for many years of his life neither exhibited any talents, nor claimed any intelligence above his fellows. The manner in which he obtained the prophetic gift was told by himself, in the following manner:—

As he was one day at work in the hill casting (digging) peats, he heard a voice which seemed to call to him out of the air. It commanded him to dig under a little green knoll which was near, and to gather up the small white stones which he would discover beneath the turf. The voice informed him, at the same time, that while he kept these stones in his possession he should be endued with the power of supernatural foreknowledge.

Kenneth, though greatly alarmed at this aerial conversation, followed the directions of his invisible instructor, and turning up the turf on the hillock, in a little time discovered the talismans. From that day forward, the mind of Kenneth was illuminated by gleams of unearthly light; and he made many predictions, of which the credulity of the people, and the coincidence of accident, often found confirmation; and he certainly became the most notable of the Highland prophets. The most remarkable and well-known of his vaticinations is the following:—"Whenever a M'Lean with long hands, a Fraser with a black spot on his face, a M'Gregor with a black knee, and a club-footed M'Leod of Raza, shall have existed; whenever there shall have been successively three M'Donalds of the name of John, and three M'Kinnons of the same Christian name,—oppressors will appear in the country, and the people will change their own land for a strange one." All these personages have appeared since; and it is the common opinion of the peasantry, that the consummation of the prophecy was fulfilled, when the exaction of the exorbitant rents reduced the Highlands to poverty, and the introduction of the sheep banished the people to America.

Whatever might have been the gift of Kenneth Oer, he does not appear to have used it

with an extraordinary degree of discretion; and the last time he exercised it, he was very near paying dear for his divination.

On this occasion he happened to be at some high festival of the M'Kenzie's at Castle Braan. One of the guests was so exhilarated by the scene of gaiety, that he could not forbear an eulogium on the gallantry of the feast, and the nobleness of the guests. Kenneth, it appears, had no regard for the M'Kenzie's, and was so provoked by this sally in their praise, that he not only broke out into a severe satire against their whole race, but gave vent to a prophetic denunciation of wrath and confusion upon their posterity. The guests being informed (or having overheard a part) of this rhapsody, instantly rose up with one accord to punish the contumely of the prophet. Kenneth, though he foretold the fate of others, did not in any manner look into that of himself; for this reason, being doubtful of debating the propriety of his prediction upon such unequal terms, he fled with the greatest precipitation. The M'Kenzie's followed with infinite zeal; and more than one ball had whistled over the head of the seer before he reached Loch Ousie. The consequences of this prediction so disgusted Kenneth with any farther exercise of his prophetic calling, that, in the anguish of his flight, he solemnly renounced all communication with its power; and, as he ran along the margin of Loch Ousie, he took out the wonderful pebbles, and cast them with a fury into the water. Whether his evil genius had now forsaken him, or that his mind was better than that of his pursuers, is unknown; but certain it is, Kenneth, after the sacrifice of the pebbles, outstripped his enraged enemies, and never, so far as I have heard, made any attempt at prophecy, from the hour of his escape.

Kenneth Oer had a son, who was called Ian Dubh Mac Choinche (Black John, the son of Kenneth), and lived in the village of Miltoun, near Dingwall. His chief occupation was brewing whisky; and he was killed in a fray at Miltoun, about twenty-six years since. His exit would not have formed the catastrophe of an epic poem, and appears to have been one of those events of which his father had no intelligence, for it happened in the following manner:—Having fallen into a dispute with a man with whom he had been previously on friendly terms, they proceeded to blows: in the scuffle, a boy, the son of Ian's adversary, observing the two combatants locked in a close and firm gripe of eager contention, and being doubtful of the event, ran into the house and brought out the iron pot-crook, with which he saluted the head of the unfortunate Ian so severely, that he not only relinquished his combat, but departed this life on the ensuing morning.

DRAMA:

DRURY LANE.

THE affairs of this theatre have taken a very prosperous turn. Kean rarely plays to less than £600 a night; and the houses on the other nights, owing to the united attractions of Braham, Liston, and Miss Stephens, are exceedingly productive to the treasury. The manager, though not yet able to get rid of the "starving system" and the nightly salaries, has, nevertheless, done much towards bringing the members of the "profession," as it is called, into something like decent order. Many troublesome ladies and gentlemen upon this establishment have, by firmness and impartiality, been reduced to good behaviour; and

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one or two of the most refractory have been suffered to withdraw, or have been dismissed by their employer. A steady perseverance in such conduct will not only prove highly advantageous to Mr. Price himself, but will confer a lasting benefit upon the public at large. On Tuesday a new one-act piece was performed for the first time, called *My Best Friend*, or *£277. 7s. 7d.* It is taken from *L'Ami Intime*, a little French drama; but we are disposed to think that Mr. Beazley has not exhibited his usual judgment in the alterations he has made to adapt it to the English stage. In the original, the subject—that of a bailiff being introduced into a gentleman's house, in the character of a friend to a bridegroom—is sufficiently spun out; so much so indeed, as, without some relief, almost to become tedious; but the translator has gone a step further, and by throwing a great deal of what is narrative in the French piece into action in the English one, and by making several breaks and interruptions in the scene, has greatly weakened the force of the comic situations. *My best Friend*, therefore, was coldly received in some parts, and not very well approved of in others.—Laporte, who is the hero of the piece, plays with great spirit; but he attempts too much, in endeavouring to master the slang dialect of a London bailiff. The mixture of the French accent with that of the vulgar and vicious Cockney, makes but a sorry compound. He should satisfy himself with the acquirements he has already made in our tongue, without attempting those peculiar graces which few but hackney-coachmen and costermongers can give with proper effect. *My best Friend*, with a bustling comic actor in the principal character, would do excellently at a minor theatre; but he is not exactly the sort of person that we wish to see taking the lead upon our regular stages.

TWELVE nights of the present season at Drury Lane Theatre will be appropriated to the performance of German operas. The selection will be from the unpublished works of the most popular German composers, and in the German language.

OPTISCHE PANORAMEN.

UNDER this German panoramic title,* a very novel and clever exhibition has been opened in Bond Street. It is the work of Mr. Christopher Suhr, of Hamburg, assisted, as we observe from the German prospectus, by his brother; and is a remarkable specimen of industry and ingenuity. The principal scene is a panorama of Moscow, so arranged, that by sliding the glasses, through which the spectator looks, round in a groove, you have as entire a view of that splendid city as in the panoramas where you are placed in the middle of the room. The figures on the left are far too large; but the buildings and general effect are excellently given. The other views are, Waterloo, as now cultivated,—also with sliding glasses, to take in more of that famous field; the Sound,—a very spirited representation of the sea and the adjoining castles, &c.; St. Petersburg in winter; the Coronation of Charles the Tenth; the noble Church of St. Stephen's, Vienna, with an indifferent imperial procession; a view of Hanover, and another of Reichenbach, in Switzerland. There is, therefore, great variety in the designs, as well as much talent in the contrivance for displaying them. The figures, throughout, are the worst executed; but, altogether, there is enough to

* At Paris it was called the *Europorama*: an odd compound!

warrant much public patronage, and gratify a great deal of public curiosity. We should think the Optische Panoramén would not disappoint any visitor.

VARIETIES.

The Duke of York's Baton.—This trophy, about which the newspapers report his royal highness's executors and the prebendaries of Windsor to be disputing, has not the intrinsic value imputed to it. The staff is covered with crimson velvet studded with golden lions; the lower end has a large ferrule, or termination, of chased gold, bearing an inscription of its being a gift of his Majesty's; and the upper end has a like termination of chased gold, surmounted by an equestrian figure of St. George, also of gold. Mentioning a subject connected with the late funeral (which greatly disappointed public expectation), we may record the curious fact, that the Black Horses so conspicuous on the occasion, were those used by George III. on state ceremonies, after his Majesty determined not to be drawn by the Cream-coloured set. This resolution was taken in consequence of Buonaparte's obtaining that breed when he occupied Hanover, and causing himself to be drawn by them in his triumphing pageants.

Scots Universities.—The royal commission for inquiring into the state of the Scots Universities have finished their business at Glasgow in six days. The commissioners are about to propose a premium of a hundred guineas for the best essay, on a subject to be given, by a student of Edinburgh College. The adjudication is to take place in April next; and we rejoice to observe a new stimulus of this kind, imparted to the system of education, already so successfully cultivated in the North.

Queen Anne's Farthing.—The story of finding the third Queen Anne's farthing is again making its periodical tour of the newspapers; though the whole story of its coinage and loss is well known to be a mere fabrication.

Opera.—Report says that Veluti has been induced to return to England in February; *sed de hoc quære*. Mademoiselle Ayton is now in London; and Sontag is said to be absolutely engaged. Crivelli, the same journal (*Le Mercure*) adds, is dead at New York.

New London University.—Dr. Fellowes has made a very pricely bequest to this Institution:—as much ground in the Regent's Park as the Council may deem requisite for a complete Botanic Garden.

Steam Vessels.—At Calcutta, the Indians, from seeing the steam-boat stemming wind, tide, and current, have called it *Sheitavn Koonoo*, the devil's boat; and an intelligent Persian Syud, wishing to compliment our national ingenuity, thus expressed himself:—"When arts were in their infancy, it was natural to give the devil credit for any new invention; but now, so advanced are the English in every kind of improvement, that they are more than a match for the devil himself!"—*Capt. Keppel's Journal*.

French Clergy.—The gifts made to the clergy of France between 1802 and 1822, are 384 houses, 1077 pieces of ground, 309 hectares of land, and 28 libraries, besides which there have been restored to them, 56 churches, 37 chapels and abbeys, 3 convents, and 174 parsonage-houses. From this statement it is concluded, that one inhabitant out of 6,000 bequeaths the whole or part of his property to the clergy. The revenue of the Church, previous to the Revolution, is estimated at seventy or eighty millions. The legacies of the above twenty years have

restored to them two, and the annual grant by the budget is forty millions: so that the actual revenue of the clergy may be estimated at forty-two millions.—*French Journal*.

Anecdote.—*Le Mercure de Londres*, a French journal published weekly in London, has in its last number the following anecdote:—"The Portuguese fancy themselves the first people in the world; and the Spaniards, on the other hand, are convinced that there is nothing more easy than to trick a Portuguese. These opinions lead to innumerable epigrams, hoaxes, and jests: witness the following:—One day last summer a Portuguese and a Castilian agreed to go out shooting together; but the former fearing some roguery on the part of his companion, made him agree, *a priori*, that whatever they killed was to be put into one common bag, and in the end equally divided. Well, they shot their best all day, but with such bad luck, that at nightfall the bag contained only a partridge and a crow! 'Now, friend,' quoth the Portuguese, 'how can we divide our game fairly?' 'As conditioned, without doubt,' answered the Castilian, 'each his half.' 'Yes,' rejoined the other, 'but a crow and a partridge!' 'Hold!' replied the Spaniard, scratching his head, 'there are two ways to get out of this dilemma; either I take the partridge and you take the crow, or you take the crow and I take the partridge.' 'Right, right,' said the Portuguese; and the division was made accordingly."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

¶ We have very often mentioned that we cannot, under the division of literary news, insert either advertisements or unauthenticated announcements. This will account for the non-appearance of a basketful of communications.

We hear that Colonel French purposes publishing a collection of papers, illustrated by explanatory plates, relating to the Thames Quay, with hints for some further improvements in the metropolis.

Mr. Allen's History of Lambeth, with upwards of a hundred engravings of curious objects connected with the Parish, is announced as nearly ready by J. Nichols and Son.

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LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1827.

January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 18	From 30. to 38.	30.10 to 30.15
Friday . . . 19	— 24.5 — 37.	30.15 — 30.15
Saturday . . . 20	— 31. — 33.	30.10 — 29.90
Sunday . . . 21	— 25. — 30.	29.76 — 29.54
Monday . . . 22	— 21. — 29.	29.35 — 29.54
Tuesday . . . 23	— 13. — 31.	29.54 — 29.40
Wednesday 24	— 34. — 25.	29.46 — 29.50

Prevailing wind, N. and N.E. Generally cloudy, with frequent snow since the 19th.

CHARLES H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We do not doubt J. L.'s poem being very acceptable to young persons: it is too long for our paper. To D. we would whisper, that "near" and "dearer" is a rhyme which would not be tolerated by our country readers.

Fitzjohn for hereafter, when we can. Continuation of the review of Baber and many other articles are unavoidably postponed.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

THE Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, including the Pictures of the Battle of the Nile, at the moment of the blowing-up of L'Orient, and that of the Representation of Admiral De Winter delivering his Sword to Lord Duncan after the Battle of Camperdown, presented by the British Institution to the Royal Hospital of Greenwich, is open Daily, from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening.

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January 10th, 1827.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. No. CXXII. For February 1827.

Contents:—I. Snodgrass's Narrative of the Hurdess War. II. Gallery of the German Prose Classics, by the English Opinion. Matter. No. 8. Kant.—III. Fowls.—IV. The Corn Laws.—V. Nelson in Search of a Daughter, Chap. 3. and 4.—VI. Wizzerde Wyndke's Deeds.—VII. On Murder, considered as One of the Fine Arts.—VIII. Morn Germania. No. 22. Krant, Duke of Salsburg.—IX. On the Death of a Daughter.—X. A Vision of the Deep.—XI. The Duke of York.

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